



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

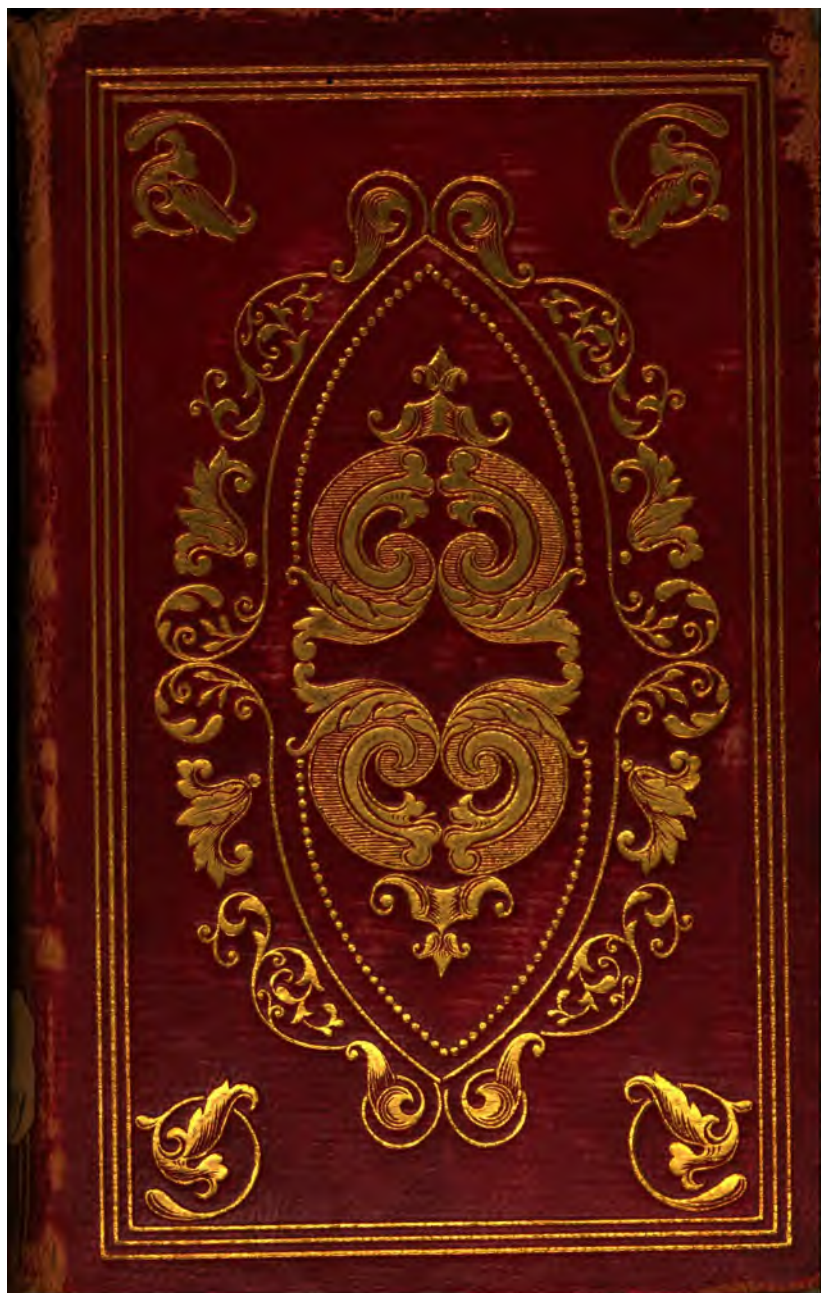
Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>



SAFE
191.1

Sigourney

Harvard Divinity School

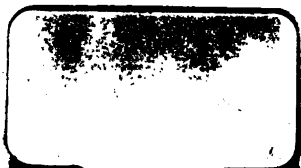


ANDOVER-HARVARD THEOLOGICAL
LIBRARY

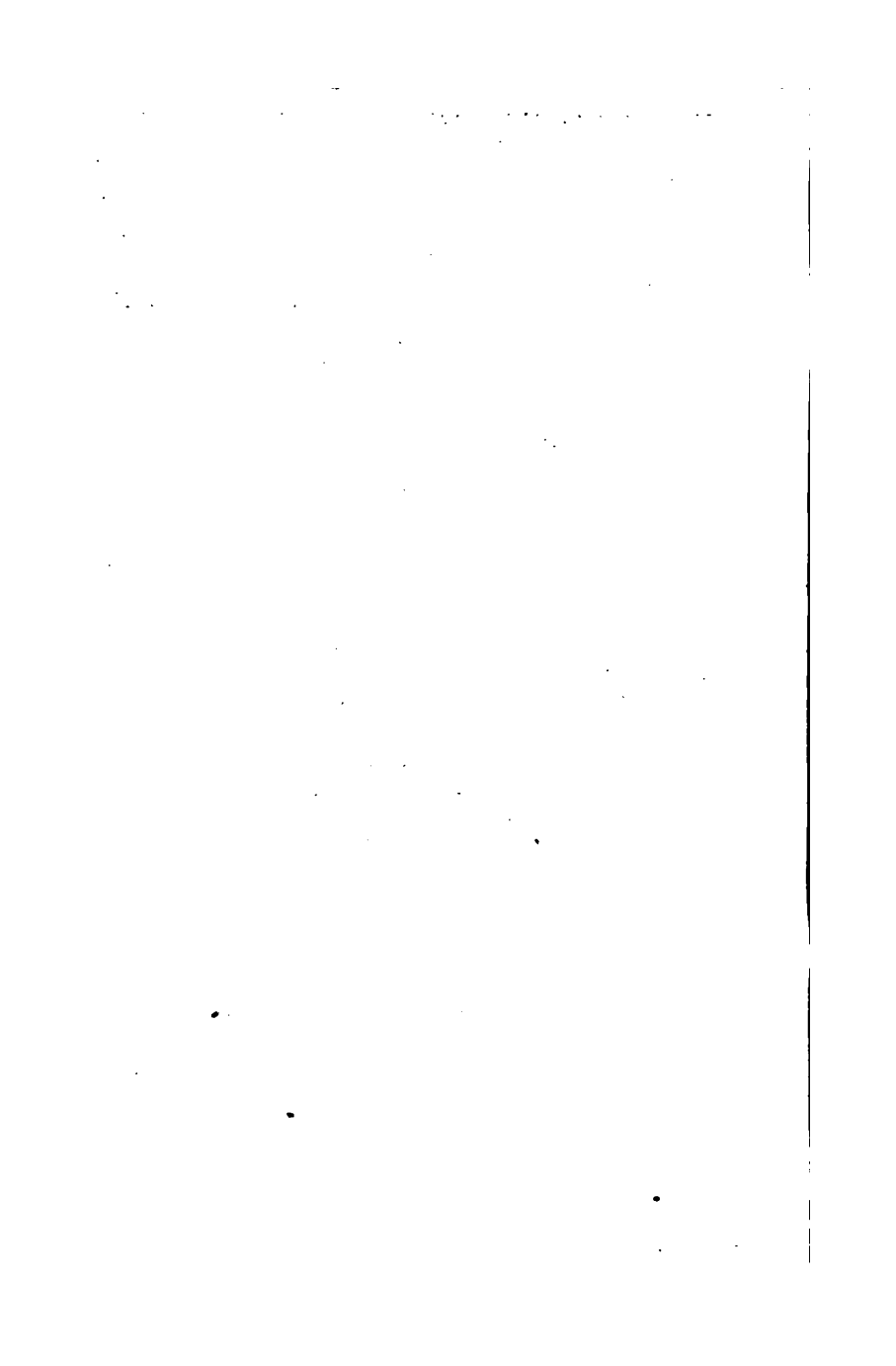
MDCCCCX

CAMBRIDGE, MASSACHUSETTS

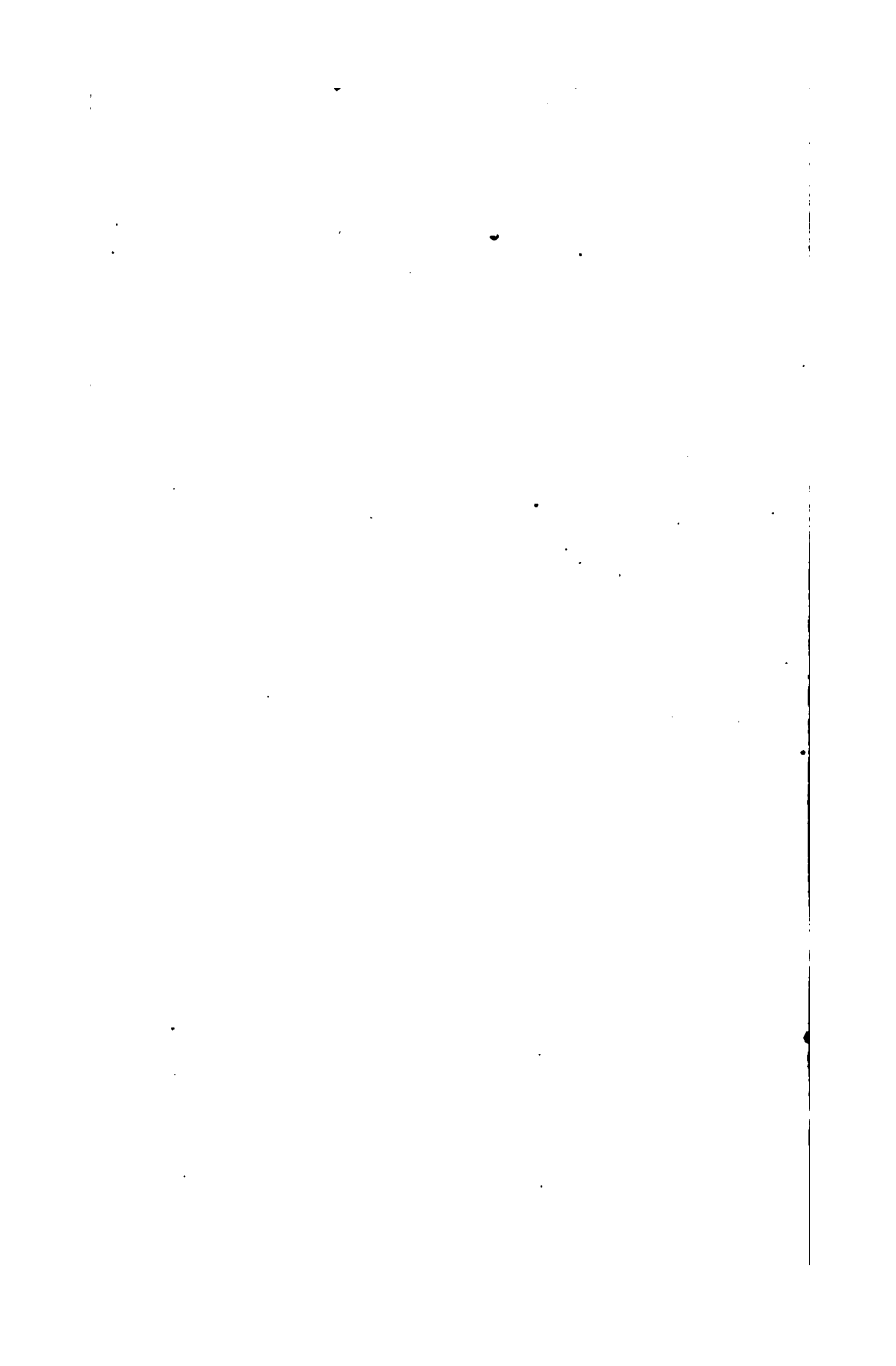
Given in memory of
Joseph S. Hart
by his granddaughter
Olive Floyd

















C. R. Leslie.

M. J. Danforth.

Lady Isabella Johnson

P. 220.

1942

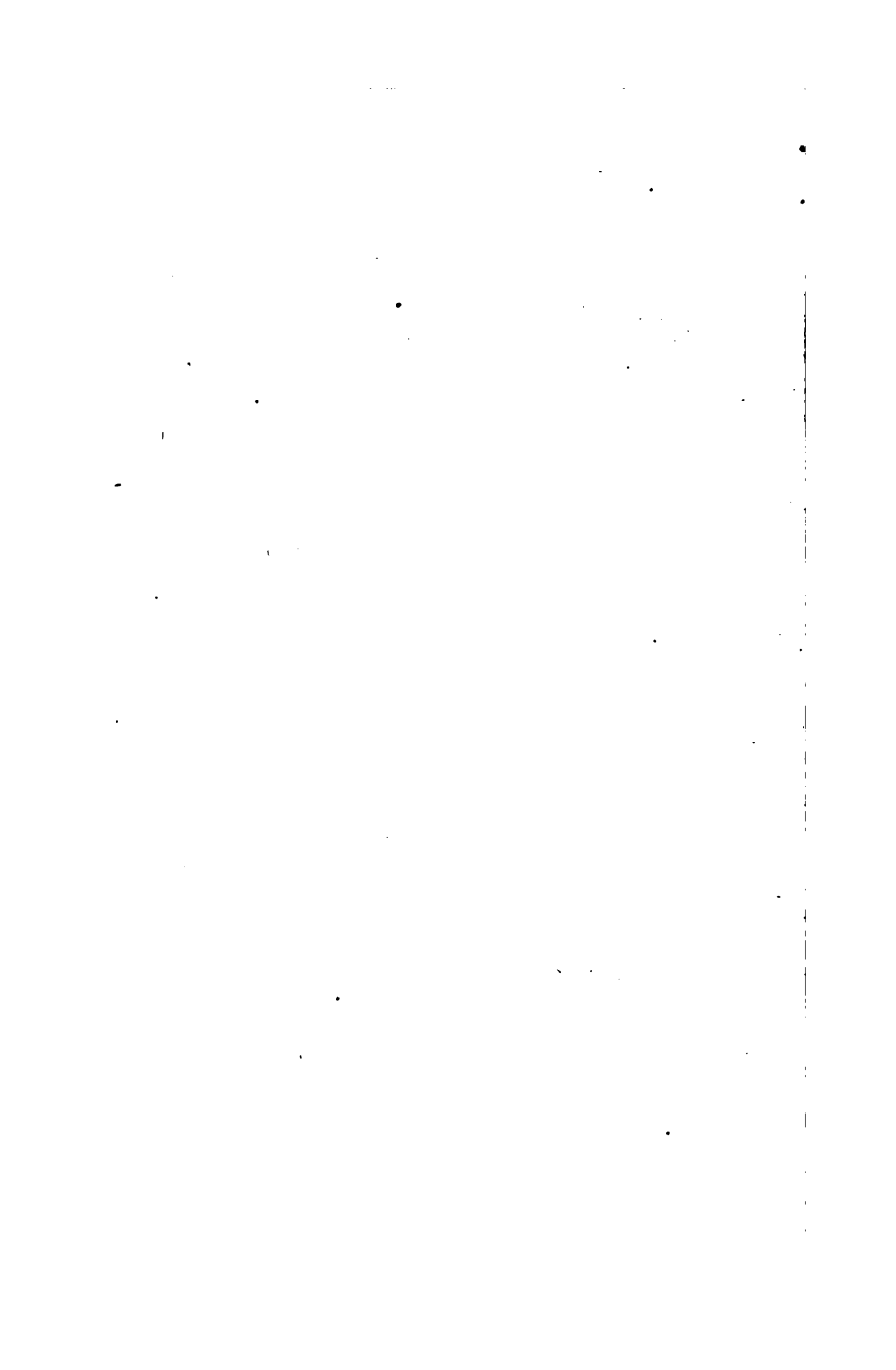


THE
RELIGIOUS SOUVENIR



He pour'd the blessed gospel light
On many a darkened mind.

HARTFORD,
S. ANDRUS & SON.



THE
RELIGIOUS SOUVENIR,

FOR

MDCCCXXXIX.

REPUBLISHED

FOR MDCCCXLV.

EDITED BY

MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

HARTFORD:
S. ANDRUS AND SON.

1845.

ANDOVER-HARVARD
THEOLOGICAL LIBRARY
CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

H76.187
Jan. 23, 1950

Y91.1
Siquency

Entered according to the Act of Congress, in the year 1838, by
SCOFIELD & VOORHIES,
in the Office of the Clerk of the District Court of the Southern
District of New York.

ADVERTISEMENT.

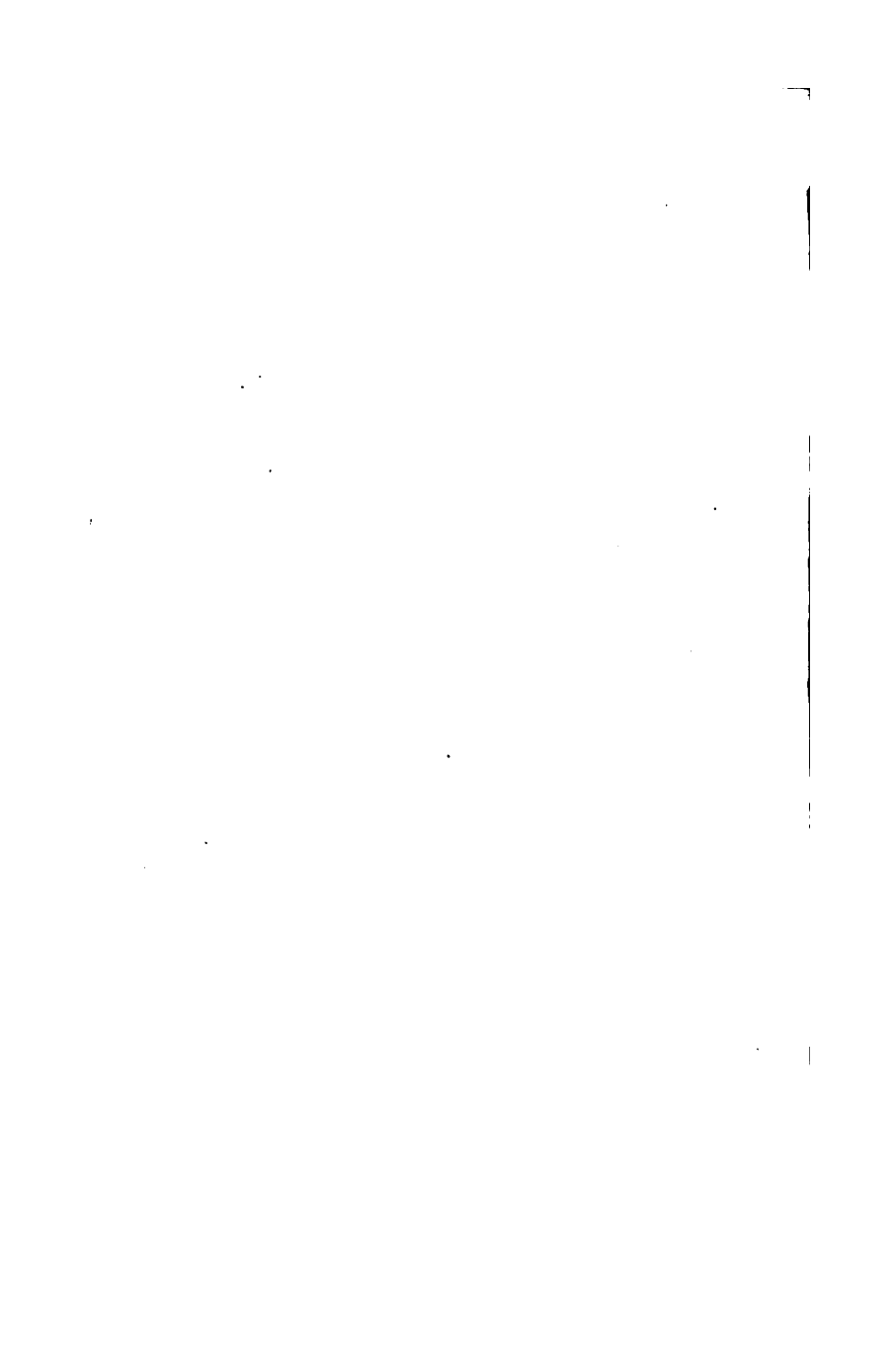
THE publishers know of no better apology to give for the republication of the Religious Souvenir for 1839 than the following opinion of one well acquainted with its merits.

"This valuable work scarcely needs an apology for republication. Its merits speak out in the cottage and mansion alike, wherever a devoted heart is found which truly and warmly beats at every pious breathing of the soul and every kindly remembrance of the past. To eulogise would be vain, since it has already secured the universal approbation of its readers. As an Annual for 1839, it visited almost every part of our union, and spread the balmy wings of its hallowed influence over many a joyous circle. Perchance some sad ones read it, too, with interest, with *comfort*; and will with others mutually rejoice at its re-appearance:

Will wipe the eye so drown'd in sorrow's flood,
And meekly lift their stricken hearts to God;
Then bless the Editor, whose grace and skill combined
Bespeaks the *towering strength* of an immortal mind."

A new frontispiece has been prefixed to the work, and several other improvements made in its embellishments; and the publishers confidently expect a hearty welcome to the re-appearance of this old and well-tried friend of the rich and poor alike.

Ms. A. 9. 2. 16-19-20-21-22-23-24-25-26-27-28-29-30-31-32-33-34-35-36-37-38-39-40-41-42-43-44-45-46-47-48-49-50-51-52-53-54-55-56-57-58-59-60-61-62-63-64-65-66-67-68-69-70-71-72-73-74-75-76-77-78-79-80-81-82-83-84-85-86-87-88-89-90-91-92-93-94-95-96-97-98-99-100



PREFACE.

THE Religious Souvenir, after the absence of a year, reappears with its friendly salutations.

During this recess, it has been flattered to find its place preserved in the memory of the public, and to hear from various, and remote parts of our wide country, kind inquiries for its welfare, or earnest wishes for its return.

Refreshed by slumber, it resumes its pleasant toil, gladly gathering from the fields of literature, flowers for the vase of the tasteful, and fruits to cheer the Christian on the journey of immortality. ✓

L. H. S.

HARTFORD, CONN., *June*, 1838.

The Desert and Garden.— <i>Rev. Hollis Reed.</i>	: . .	204
The Gospel Triad.— <i>Rev. George Burgess.</i>	. . .	213
A Rainy Day.— <i>Thomas P. Tyler.</i>	. . .	216
Lady Arbella Johnson.— <i>H.</i>	. . .	220
Trust in Heaven.— <i>Richard Bacon, Jun.</i>	. . .	249
Feeling.— <i>Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe</i>	. . .	252
Norwich.— <i>Mrs. L. H. Sigourney.</i>	. . .	261
"I am the Way, and the Truth, and the Life."— <i>Rev. Tryon</i> <i>Edwards.</i>	. . .	263
The Young Warrior.— <i>Lieut. G. W. Patten, U. S. A.</i>	. . .	268
"I am for Peace."— <i>William B. Tappan.</i>	. . .	272
The Progress of the Christian.— <i>The late Rev. E. D. Griffin.</i>		275
What is the Bible?— <i>Mrs. E. C. Stedman.</i>	. . .	277
A Child's Prayer.— <i>William James Hamersley.</i>	. . .	290
Simplicity of Childhood.— <i>A.</i>	. . .	282
To Mirth.— <i>Rev. T. H. Gallaudet.</i>	. . .	285
Orison.— <i>Charles West Thomson.</i>	. . .	287

THE INFANT ST. JOHN

THE EVANGELIST.

BY MISS H. F. GOULD.

My soul took wing, and hover'd round
The distant scenes, the hallow'd ground,
Where once the King of heaven was found

A form of earth to wear:

The woes he bore, the love he taught,
The death he slew, the life he brought,
In one o'erwhelming flood of thought,
Roll'd on, and bow'd me there.

I walk'd the groves of Galilee;
I stood in spirit by the sea,
And mused of him, here call'd to be
My Saviour's bosom friend:
Of him who gave, among the few
Who follow'd Christ, the flower and dew
Of life to him—of things he knew,
And wrought, and saw, and penn'd.

These glorious wonders pondering o'er,
I search'd the past for something more,
As round that now deserted shore,

My solemn fancy roved ;
Her eye grew curious now, to trace
The lineaments of peace and grace
That mark'd the bud—the *infant* face
Of him “whom Jesus loved.”

When lo ! a lovely vision smiled
Before me, in a beauteous child,
With aspect sweet—with eye so mild,
So deep, so heavenly bright,
The spirit seem'd, with beams divine,
To kindle up and fill the shrine,
As through a dewdrop clear, will shine
A ray of morning light.

Though rude my lines, my colours faint,
And faithless here my hand, to paint
The beauties of that infant saint,
Which there my vision bless'd,
I knew it was the fisher's son,
By whom such mighty works were done—
That gentle, true, beloved one,
Who “lean'd on Jesus' breast!”

THE INFANT ST. JOHN

THE BAPTIST.

BY N. C. BROOKS, A. M.

O SWEETER than the breath of southern wind
With all its perfumes, is the whisper'd prayer
From infant lips; and gentler than the hind,
The feet that bear
The heaven-directed youth in wisdom's pathway
fair.

And thou, the early consecrate, like flowers,
Didst shed thy incense breath, to heaven abroad;
And prayer and praise the measure of thy
hours,

The desert trod,
Companionless, alone, save of the mighty God.

As Phosphor leads the kindling glory on ;
And fades, lost in the day-god's bright excess,
So didst thou in redemption's coming dawn
Grow lustreless,
The fading herald of the Sun of Righteousness.

But when the book of life shall be unseal'd,
And stars of glory round the throne divine
In all their light and beauty be reveal'd,
The brighter thine
Of all the hosts of earth, with heavenly beams
shall shine.

BALTIMORE, *June 5th.*

THE HONOURED GRAVE.

BY REV. J. A. CLARK.

PERHAPS some of the readers of the earlier volumes of the "Religious Souvenir," have felt a strong desire, in their visits to Philadelphia, since the decease of its first editor, to visit the spot where rests the mortal part of one whose gifted mind, and holy labours, imparted to them so much pleasure and improvement. Directed, as they undoubtedly would be, to the site of St. Andrew's church, they might see upon every thing connected with that beautiful structure—its chaste and finished style—its perfect symmetry—upon all within and around the edifice, the traces of that same hand which gave such interest to the pages of this work. As they entered the church-

yard through the southern gate, and proceeded up the flagged walk, bordered with beautiful and thickly matted grass, or felt the refreshing coolness of the overhanging trees and shrubbery which beautify and adorn the place, they perceived, at some distance, a continuous row of white marble slabs. Beneath these is a range of vaults, in one of which sleep the remains of the sainted Bedell. No name on the vault indicates where his dust reposes; neither is there need of it, while his memory is so fresh in the hearts of that flock which he so gently and faithfully led into the green pastures, and beside the still waters of life.

But this is not *the honoured grave*, to which I would conduct the reader. The grave of Bedell must be an *honoured grave*, while he sleeps beneath the shade of that temple, where his voice called so many hundreds "from darkness to light;" yea, while there is one left on the walls, or within the dwellings of Zion, to love the cause of Christ.

In the rear of the temple to which the reader's attention has been called, the churchyard, carpeted with a coat of living green, stretches out into

somewhat broader expansion. In a remote corner rests the mouldered ashes of one, on some passages of whose history I delight to dwell. And first let me say how I came to regard *this* as an especially *honoured grave*.

Once, on leaving my lecture room, I saw a collection of some twenty persons gathered around the spot to which I have just adverted. It seemed a grave, around which they were assembled; although there was no monument, nor even a plain marble slab to tell who slumbered there. They were evidently deeply affected, and the tender drops wiped from many an eye, showed that one rested there who had a strong hold upon their affections. My first impression was, that these were relatives lingering after a funeral solemnity, over the last narrow bed of a beloved friend. But when I saw that none of them were clad in the habiliments of mourning, and remembered that no person would have been here interred without the knowledge of the rector, I looked again and recollected the spot, and understood the cause of their sorrow. * * *

* * * * *

It was one of the striking peculiarities of that sainted man, who first projected this Annual, which seems consecrated by his image, that he had the power to impress upon all within the circle of his immediate influence, some portion of his own views and feelings. He was remarkably successful not only in "converting men from the error of their ways," but in inciting them to engage with all their renovated powers in the cause of truth and holiness.

The first Sunday in which he preached at St. Andrew's, the place where he stood for the last eleven years of his life, and the point from whence his eloquence flowed forth as a healing fountain to the throngs who gathered near, he spoke from the inspired passage—"HOLINESS BECOMETH THINE HOUSE, O LORD, FOREVER." These words were inscribed on the arch just over his head, where they still remain full of mute instruction to all who tread these sacred courts. Had an angel come down and written there with his own finger these sacred words, the eloquent Bedell could not have spoken with more power and pathos than he did on that occasion. Among the vast crowd

which that morning filled this temple, was a young merchant engaged in an extensive and prosperous business. He had recently been led to see the sinfulness of his own heart, and to appreciate, in some degree, the preciousness of Christ. His name had been enrolled as a communicant in one of the churches of the city. But this sermon gave him a new view of things. He was made to feel his responsibility as a redeemed disciple of Jesus, in a way in which he had never done before. Such was the impression made upon his mind by that discourse, that he decided to cast in his lot with the people of this new church, and secure to himself the ministrations of one who had so deeply moved his heart. He went home, retired to his chamber, and there renewed the dedication of himself to God, and promised before high heaven, from that hour to endeavour to act up to the full measure of his responsibility as a Christian.

* * * *

Five years passed away. The Saviour was still seen "walking amid the golden candlesticks" in that temple where the sainted Bedell

ministered. The young merchant to whom we have referred, was still a member of his flock. On two or three evenings in the week, he might have been seen in the midst of some seventy or eighty adults, instructing them in the word of life. Besides the Bible classes which he taught, there were numerous other means which he successfully employed to diffuse the knowledge of the Redeemer. But it was in the Bible class, that his labours were pre-eminently blessed. One who frequently listened to his expositions, bears this testimony :

“He had remarkably clear views of the way of salvation, and a most felicitous tact in seizing upon the precise meaning of every passage, exhibiting it with a simplicity, and power, and pathos, that deeply interested every member of his class. This power I believe he acquired by prayer, and a very faithful study of the word of God. He seemed bent upon saving souls. His appeals at times were absolutely irresistible. He still continued to attend to his business as formerly, though he spent considerable time every week, in preparing for his Bible classes. The

persons whom he was principally anxious to draw thither, were those who were under no pastoral supervision, and attached to no particular congregation, though he did not exclude any who chose to avail themselves of the benefit of his teaching. When they became truly converted to God, he then recommended them to make an open profession of religion, though he never would consent to exert an influence in leading them to join any particular church. Provided the church was sound and evangelical, he felt very little solicitude where they went. The ranks of many churches, and of various denominations, have been replenished by his exertions. Some time previous to his death, more than a hundred persons then living, and members of different churches, had told him that they were converted entirely through the instrumentality of his labours in the Bible class.

* * * * *

The first morning of my ministrations in St. Andrew's church, I was introduced to a gentleman about five and thirty years old, who appeared exceedingly feeble as if in the last stages of consumption. I was particularly struck with his ap-

pearance. In the few moments that I conversed with him, I perceived him to be one who had attentively studied that divine injunction of the Saviour: "Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me; for I am *meek*, and *lowly in heart*." There was an humility and heavenly-mindedness about the man, that at once drew my heart towards him. I expressed regret at the feeble state of his health. But in reply he spoke so sweetly and calmly of that change which he was daily anticipating, and of the rest upon which he hoped to enter, through the riches of infinite grace, that I felt rebuked in having given expression to that regret. Seldom have I seen one so apparently ripe for heaven. This was the very man with whose character the reader has already, in some degree, been made acquainted. He was still silently and steadily prosecuting his plans of Christian benevolence. Many of his earthly props had been taken away. His wife and all his children but one, were sleeping in the grave. His own health had long been undermined. Death was approaching with a slow but sure step. Yet none of these things moved him. His loins were girded about, his lamp

trimmed and burning. His heart was still bent upon saving souls. His Bible classes loved him as their father. They felt that it was a great privilege to hear a few words of holy counsel from his lips. And now that he could no longer go to the appointed place to meet them, they came to him. As he lay on the sofa in his parlour, panting for breath, he often saw around him a company that completely filled the room, to whom the few words which he uttered were as a voice from the eternal world.

At length the last hour came, and he died like a Christian. We committed his body to the ground, in that very corner of the churchyard to which I adverted in the commencement of this sketch; and it was around *his* grave that this mournful company was gathered.

Among the schemes of usefulness which he had projected and carried into effect, was that of raising funds, by means of the Sunday-schools and Bible classes, to sustain the schools commenced by our missionaries in Greece.

In this benevolent operation he had induced all his Bible classes to participate. There was a

stated anniversary meeting, at which assembled all who contributed to this fund. On these occasions a report was read, accompanied with appropriate exercises. After his decease, these anniversary meetings were continued, and although his Bible classes were members of churches of different denominations, they still come with their yearly contributions to advance, and hear of the success of the cause which their instructor had taught them to love. And when they came, they did not leave the churchyard till they had first visited *his* grave, who first led them to the foot of the cross. It was just after such a meeting, that I saw this large number of persons bending over the heaped hillock of earth, that covered the ashes of this humble, holy man. And I could not but exclaim—“*that is an honoured grave!*” I would rather have my name and memory thus engraven on the hearts of true followers of Christ, than on earth’s proudest monuments.

PHILADELPHIA.

THE TRUE FRIEND.

BY MRS. AMELIA OPTIE.

His heart had burn'd with ambition's glow,
 And a crown of honour had graced his brow—
 A crown more precious than monarch's wear,
 For his genius had won, and placed it there.
 Nor had wealth her welcome smile denied;
 And pleasure with sweets his cup supplied;
 And woman's brightly beaming eye,
 Beam'd brighter still, as he wander'd nigh;
 But though rich in friendship's and honour's dole,
 There is no one that cared for the *crown'd one's*
soul!

At last o'er the seas a stranger came,
 And one not unknown herself to fame;

For *she* too had felt ambition's glow,
And sought with a crown to encircle her brow.
But, hearing at length a "still small voice"
That bade her *repent* of her worldly choice,
She strove, desiring a gift more meet,
To cast her crown at her Saviour's feet.
And this stranger, with pity beyond control,
Saw that no one cared for the *crown'd one's*
soul!

She loved his genius, she prized his fame,
And joy'd in the praise that awaited his name:
But feeling that even Fame's loudest breath
Falls cheerless and cold on the *pillow of death!*
And knowing that Pleasure's sweetest draught
Is often the deadliest by mortal's quaff'd;
And seeing that all this world can boast
Yields a fleeting, rainbow-splendour at most,
Athwart her mind dread thoughts would come
Of that other world, and of final doom:
Till tears down her pallid cheek would roll,
While *she* cared, and *she* fear'd for the *crown'd*
one's soul!

O! her bosom's travail was deep for him!
And her lifted eye with grief was dim,
While truly, and fervently, still she pray'd
That Heaven her wishes for him would aid:
And her prayers ascended on morning's light,
And again on the mists of the silent night,
And present, and absent, her burden'd breast
For him has the heavenly throne address.
And still, though wide seas between them roll,
The stranger prays for the *crown'd one's soul!*

But *how* prays the stranger? She prays that
 grace
From his long-peril'd soul would the world dis-
 place—
That the *Saviour* that world's poor pilgrim would
 meet,
And allure to the *cross* his weary feet;
And prayers for him not be offer'd alone
By the stranger's lips, but the *pilgrim's own*;
Till dearer than ever was Fame's loud breath,
He deems the bright hopes that cheer us in *death*.
Thus, urged by friendship's and pity's control,
The stranger prays for the *crown'd one's soul!*

COUNTRY LIFE.

BY MISS C. M. SEDGWICK.

"The country wins me still ;
I never framed a wish, or form'd a plan
That flatter'd me with hopes of earthly bliss,
But there I laid the scene." COWPER.

"God made the country, and man made the town," was said long ago by the most religious of our poets. The line expressed so pithily, what all the observers and lovers of nature have felt, that it has been quoted and repeated, till it has become familiar as household words. Still the volume, to which this is but a text, is understood by few. An intimate acquaintance, even, with nature is rare, and a love of it, except in poetic

minds, the result of cultivation. The mass of those who live amid the walls that God has reared, and tread the carpets he has spread, must be *taught*,

———“with delighted eye
To gaze upon the mountains, to behold,
With deep affection, the pure ample sky,
And clouds along its blue abysses roll'd ;
To love the song of waters, and to hear
The melody of winds with charmed ear.”

For those not gifted by nature, and in whom the spirit of observation has not been awakened, are as unobservant of the glorious aspects of nature, as the child in its nurse's arms. The spring is to them, but the season of planting, the fall of ingathering, the summer of heat, and the winter of cold. They do not see the handwriting of God in the opening leaves and gushing waters of spring, in the gorgeous beauty of summer, in the regal robes of autumn, nor in the sublime desolation of winter, when the country seems left alone with its Maker. It is pity that there is so much loss, such a positive waste of the means of a happiness that is not, like the coarser pleasures, liable

to abuse from the disordered passions or depraved appetites of man ; that is not like the mere "creature comforts," subject to diminution or addition by neglect or skill, but will last as long as the sun rises and sets, and the seasons change.

Those who love and understand this word, written in trees and running brooks, should condescend to be its teachers to the young and unobservant. Curiosity is always alive, it only wants direction ; and if those who, like good Mr. Burchel, from an instinct of kindness, feed children with sugar-plums would, instead, take them a stroll on to some of our mountain-summits, or to listen to the wild songs of our mad streams, or even sitting at home on the doorstep, would point out to them a beautiful sunset, they would minister to their immortal natures, and would have the reward of seeing how the appetite "grows by what it feeds on."

But there is something more and higher in the economy of country life, than the superior beauty of the outward world, to sustain Cowper's antithesis.

The divine origin, and benevolent design of our

social relations, is felt in country life. The seal of our lawgiver is still manifest upon them. The tie of brotherhood is not only acknowledged as an abstract truth, but is apparent in our daily intercourse, our joys, and our sorrows, our home charities, and greetings by the wayside. But examples, and they are on every side, will better illustrate my idea, than a volume of general assertions. Weddings and funerals, are common to all civilized men. Have they not a distinctive character, a moral influence, in the country?

Our neighbour, Mr. Ellison, is one of the wealthiest men of the country, but as he has the patriarchal blessing of twelve children, the sons of his numerous family are not beyond the motives to our indigenous virtues, enterprise and industry; nor his daughters elevated above (or sunk below) the virtues of domestic thrift, diligence, and frugality. Mary Ellison, the eldest girl, if an ordinary character, would have been a belle, for she has beauty enough to shine as the star of a city drawing-room; but her light is the light of a spirit that already has its path marked in the celestial hemisphere. At two-and-twenty, she has

attained an elevation that few reach but through a variety of experience, a succession of failures and disappointments, a long process of that stern schooling which teaches some well, but almost too late. She *began* right, with the simple, sure principle of duty for her guide, and the will of her heavenly Father for her rule. Her objects in life were marked, and her course mapped out, so that she was in no danger of wasting time in the vain pursuits, and uncertain and purposeless wanderings in which so many are lost. Gentle and attractive in her manners, she has (in spite of the alarming scarcity of the commodity in New England) had many admirers whom, not accepting as lovers, she has converted into friends. Hayward Delano, was the classmate and intimate of one of her brothers. He is a young man whose genius has mastered the most adverse circumstances. He was early left an orphan and destitute, and indentured to a farmer, but having a passion for study that kept him at his books half the night, after working hard in the field all day, his employer voluntarily relinquished his indentures, and he, refusing pecuniary aid, offered by societies and

individuals, contrived, in the intervals of study, to earn a support and a liberal education.

Mary Ellison watched his progress from the beginning. His vacations were sometimes passed at her father's. She had an earnest sympathy in his independent and energetic prosecution of his purpose ; and, from the impulse of a noble nature, was far more cordial, and what we may call *leading*, in her intercourse with him than if their fortunes had been equal. As was natural, and might have been foreseen by an unconcerned spectator, a tender sentiment grew out of this intercourse. Delano indulged in dreams of a possible future, and Mary dreamed too. Years passed on. Delano was just about to receive his license as a preacher, when he became alarmed by a disease in his eyes, contracted long ago from reading late at night by the farmer's fire, or the more stinted light of the tow-wicked candle, furnished by the sad economy of the farmer's wife.

He was on a visit at Mr. Ellison's, when the arrival in the village of a celebrated oculist was announced ; and Mr. Ellison, without warning, brought him home to examine Delano's eyes.

Mary Ellison was reading aloud, when her father entered and introduced the surgeon. She did not leave the room, nor move from her seat, but took up her stitching from the little work-box that stood on the sofa beside her, and riveted her eyes upon it. This action would not have betrayed her feelings to a careless observer, but Delano knowing how instinctive her kind sympathies were, and how ready she was to manifest them if one of the children but got a sliver in his finger, made his own secret inferences, and while his eye hastily glanced over her pale face, his colour changed. Mr. Ellison marked this, and said, "You would like to have Dr. ——— examine your eyes?—would you not, Hayward?"

"Certainly, sir."

"I thought so. And you wish him to give his opinion frankly, and without any reservation—do you not?"

"Yes, sir. There is no use in shrinking from an evil, however terrible, that our cowardice will not lessen, and only unfits us to bear."

"You are right, my son, very right," said Mr. Ellison. The "my son" was accidental, but there

are moments when a word, lightly uttered, falls upon the ear with a mighty force, and as Hayward turned to expose his eye to the full light, his agitation was manifest. The doctor asked many questions, and examined long and accurately. He then walked up and down the room, *whistling*. Those who knew him would have boded no good from this, for it was his habit when he found a disease beyond the reach of his art. It seemed an involuntary effort to hide his benevolent compassion. He stopped for an instant before Mary, and her face arresting his thoughts, "You are pale, young lady," he said, "you do no credit to your mountain air;" and then, as if he had uttered the words unconsciously, he turned upon his heel and said, in a low voice, to Mr. Ellison, "You are sure I should be perfectly frank with your young friend?"

"Yes, I will answer for his fortitude."

Hayward began now to bode the worst, and when the doctor said, "You wish for the truth," he replied in a tremulous voice, "Yes, sir, without further suspense."

"You have no near friend present to be shook-

ed?" the doctor glanced his eye at Mary. "I *have* no near friend, sir, in the common acceptation of the term." Hayward, as he spoke, involuntarily turned his eye to Mary; she raised hers, and a glance flashed from them that spoke volumes. He would now have asked the doctor to defer his opinion, but it was too late. He was proceeding with professional coolness to state, that the nature of the disease precluded hope—that there would be a decay of the sight, it might be slow, but must inevitably end in blindness. Hayward heard him without one word of reply, and the doctor, shrinking from witnessing the pain he was compelled to inflict, and could not alleviate, hastily left the house, followed by Mr. Ellison.

Delano covered his face with his hands. Not a breath was heard in the apartment, till a low but emphatic murmur rose from his heart, and that thrice blessed sentence that has so often expressed the obedience of the Christian spirit, fell from his lips, "God's will be done!"

Courage and strength, as it always does, followed this religious acquiescence. He looked up, his eyes turned to Mary. She sat perfectly still.

He pronounced her name. She did not answer. He approached her, at first irresolutely, and then with a spring, was at her side. She had fainted. He called no assistance—he made no effort to recover her, but rested her head upon his bosom and lost every other feeling in one blissful certainty. The lover, at the moment of recovering his beloved from the tomb, forgot the poison he had himself swallowed. Hayward forgot the blindness that awaited him; he lost all sense of past and future, and felt his whole being dilated and exalted with the present. When Mary recovered her consciousness, there was no possibility, if either had wished it, of concealing the state of their affections. Hayward told her how long and how ardently he had loved her; how he had at first looked upon her as unattainable; how, when the hope that he was beloved, had flashed upon him, he had repelled it—now as a presumptuous illusion, and now as an unavailable truth.

The first moments of a confessed mutual love, have a blissful independence of all extraneous circumstances. Nothing is asked that the world can give, nothing dreaded of its power to take away.

But this is a trance that cannot last; and when our lovers awakened to realities, Hayward saw the abyss that must separate him from Mary, and felt the isolation to which his calamity must condemn him, aggravated a thousand fold by his glimpse of possible happiness. He said nothing; but his countenance as suddenly changed as the face of nature, when a flood of sunbeams are intercepted by the stormy cloud; his whole figure seemed to stiffen with the mortal coldness that struck upon his heart. It was long, or rather it seemed to poor Mary very long, before he replied to her tremulous importunity. "I must live and die in darkness, and——alone!"

"Alone!" echoed Mary, smiling through her tears, relieved from the dread of an unknown evil,—"Your distrust would almost make me fear you do not love me, Hayward. Did ever calamity divorce hearts that truly loved? Oh! no—no—it is the fire from heaven that consumes all the littleness of earth, the petty vanities and ambition that debase imperfect love. Hayward, you may think the confession a strange one, and I know not whether the feeling was right or not—it was

instinctive. When the doctor said you must be blind, the blow was terrible, but with it came a strange sense of pleasure. I hardly dare attempt to explain it, for, as I analyze the feeling, I fear the elements of pride and selfishness were in it. I felt as if this circumstance would lessen the oppressive disparity between us—yes, there was selfishness and pride in that; but I felt, too, as if there would be such happiness in ministering to you, in divesting your condition of its common miseries, in being the medium to the mind and heart, dear Hayward, of the light lost to the eye—do you understand me?"

Hayward did, for the first time, understand the power of a woman's affection; that power that, like the most perfect works of nature and art, is never fully manifest till tried by pressure; and he perceived, too, in Mary's humble self-estimation, the modesty that marks true love. Still he dared not indulge the hope her generosity authorized; he told her he never could ask her parents to consign her to poverty and misfortune. "*You shall not ask them,*" she said, "*my parents have taught me that we were not sent here to be idle receivers*

of Heaven's bounty, but to sow and till the field, even though it be with tears, so that we may bear our sheaves rejoicing—and they will be true to their own faith?"

And they were. The objections that would have controlled sordid minds, did not affect theirs. They had the means of securing their daughter, in any event, from absolute want, and they knew that her substantial education would qualify her (as she proposed) to aid Hayward in a school, or, if that were not necessary, that her knowledge of the arts of domestic life, and habits of frugality, would enable her to double the value of her husband's earnings. Happy must those parents be, who, by a practically religious education—that is, by faithfully cultivating the faculties Providence has bestowed, make their children as independent of circumstances, as humanity can be.

The engagement was made, and in due time came the wedding; to which, in the true spirit of country brotherhood, relations, friends, and neighbours were bidden. Not, as in town, those only of a certain set—those to whom there was a debt of civility, or from whom a hope of favour; but

there were the aged people of the village, the little remnant that was left of a departed generation, who hailed in Mary Ellison the virtues and graces of her grandmother, and told over the merry feats of her wedding-day. There were the farmers that "jocund drove the team-a-field," the mechanics and honest labourers, with lawyers, doctors, and merchants—the modest gentry of the village who claimed, and, in truth, enjoyed no distinction. There were all the girls who had been Mary's playfellows in her childhood, who had grown up in gentle companionship beside her, and who now, while their bright eyes were suffused with tears, breathed from the altar of their hearts, sisters' prayers for her. There were the young men; among them one was known and pitied as a faithful lover of Mary; but he needed not pity, for in generous admiration of her virtue and interest in her fate, he forgot himself. The only individual who did not partake the general joy, was a poor young widow who came because, she said, Mary had visited her in her affliction, and sat with her through many a desolate hour, and now it would seem selfish not to forget herself long enough to

witness Mary's bridal. But, alas! who can control memory's awful power! its images were too vivid for the bereft young creature, and in the midst of the ceremony she fainted, and was carried out.

The two groups that most struck my fancy were, first, Mary's humble friends, the domestics of the family, and the respectable poor of the village, some coloured, some white, standing around the door, one head peering above another, and the knot of children that filled one corner of the room, Mary's young sisters and brothers, and their little friends; their hands locked together, or the arm of one thrown over the shoulder of another, and all disposed in those graceful attitudes that have furnished models for the arts. One little girl, Mary's particular charge and bed-fellow, had stolen away from the rest, and inserting herself between the bride and her bridesmaid, buried her pretty, tearful face in the folds of her sister's muslin gown. Mary herself was the focus of all eyes, and I thought I could see in her face something more than the common emotions of the bride—the consciousness of self-devotion to a high and gene-

rous mission. As to Hayward Delano, his face was kindled by his soul; he seemed unconscious of the throng around him, and looked as he might if he had stood alone at an altar, receiving a gift from heaven.

The ceremony over, there was the customary kissing, and wishing of joy, and bountiful dispensing of cake; Mary herself enriching the portion of the bridal-loaf that fell to the share of the domestics and children, by bestowing it with her own hand. How pretty that bridal-loaf was, wreathed with evergreens from the neighbouring woods, and surmounted by a pair of emblematic sugar doves—the gift of some city friend!

Such a festival is ruled by the law of love, the social law which God has given to his creatures. Its spirit is common to country weddings, but can scarcely exist in cities where society is divided into castes, governed by conventional laws, and marred by petty passions essentially *dissocial*. Can there be a more painful contrast to the simple rural scene we have described than a heartless city wedding; we mean one which is characterized by the spirit of artificial life, for our

country bigotry does not exclude the belief that there are many matches made in heaven, ratified at city altars. But we take for our example, a wedding where fortune weds fortune, or money contracts for youth and beauty. Witness the eager examination of the *corbeille*,* the sordid calculation of the worth of those bribes, which the wealth of one party offers to the vanity of the other. Go with the fashionable crowd to the "at home;" see them count the bridesmaids, take an inventory of their dresses, whisper a witty sarcasm upon the ill-assorted pair, turn away and—forget them. Is not all this a profanation of God's *most* blessed institution?

The bond of brotherhood should be strengthened by all our intercourse; the links of that chain by which providence has bound us together, kept bright by the activity of our social sympathies. And is not this the tendency of country gatherings, exempt, as they are, from the cruel cost of time, and expense of labour and money that society in town, on its present basis, involves? And ex-

* The pretty French basket in which it is the fashion to deposit and *exhibit* the presents to the bride.

empted from what is far worse, for they have little temptation to sarcasm, ostentation, vanity, and excess. Country neighbours come together from their isolated homes, with similar wants and similar experience. They talk over their rural concerns, sure of sympathy, because their concerns are the actual business of life, and not artificial contrivances to kill time and escape ennui, ennui which is as effectually killed by country life, as dust is laid by a shower.

We meant to have given other illustrations of the moral effect of the untrammelled life of the country, but we fear to exceed the limits prescribed to us. We meant to have told the story of a poor youth who was betrayed by the force of circumstances, to the commission of a single offence, for which he was liable to be sent to the state prison, and probably would have been, by the hasty judgment of a police court. While he awaited his trial in the county jail, he was repeatedly visited by a friend of mine who never neglects the prisoners that languish within walls, in sight of his happy home. He made himself acquainted with the character of the youth who

had no natural friends to interpose for him, for his family were in a distant part of the country, and he declared he had rather die in the state prison than that they should be made acquainted with his transgression. My friend ascertained, as far as he could, the circumstances of the offender's previous life, and when the trial came on, he volunteered his testimony in his behalf, and so eloquently expressed his convictions that the poor fellow did not deserve the state prison, and would be ruined by it, that the judge, relying on my friend's statement and judgment, sentenced the prisoner merely to a few months confinement in the county jail. Pains were taken to supply him with work, by which he made some forty or fifty dollars, over and above his prison fees. During his confinement he was often visited by my friend's children, who, imbibing from the atmosphere that surrounded them, the spirit of kindness, delighted to carry "George" the newspapers, books, and a portion of their own little property, in fruits and cakes. I chanced to be present on the evening when, the term of his imprisonment having expired, dressed in a neat new suit, he came to my friend's house.

I had never seen him, and I inferred from the cordial reception given him by the master and mistress of the house, and the noisy welcomes of the young people, that he was some favourite townsman, returned after a long absence. Nor was I undeceived till Willie, a little fellow whose heart is brimful and running over with love, came into the parlour. On seeing the stranger "his honest sonsie face" kindled, and eyes sparkling, and cheeks glowing, he threw himself into our visitor's arms, exclaiming, "O, *George*, how glad I am you are out of jail—is not it pleasant to be out of jail?" and in a lower tone, "Father says he *guesses* you'll never get there again, and I *know* you won't, George."

Was not all this in the same spirit in which the father went out to meet his repentant son, saying, "For this my son was dead, and is alive again; he was lost, and is found." If this spirit were more felt, we should not fear to hear that dreadful question, "Where is thy brother?" if it were more exercised, how many sick would be healed! how many wanderers gathered into the fold!

There was an old woman in our village so

marked with the strong qualities of her better years, and so stricken by age, that in one period of the world she might have been honoured as a prophetess, or in another burned as a witch. But living in our unimaginative, but happier days, she was cherished for her long life of honest toil long after she had become impotent from age. Our kind overseers of the poor, respecting the pride of independence which made her shrink from the legal provision of the town, connived at her receiving her annual supply of wood and breadstuff, in such a mode that, to the day of her death, she believed it came from the voluntary charity of her friends. She died during one of the coldest periods of the present winter, and as a faithful old friend, a coloured woman who watched beside her, said, "She died handsome!" The homely expression was well applied, for she finished her long and temperate life without the penalty of sickness; and after a slight oppression, and sitting in her chair, her life passed while an expression of thankfulness to her Maker for all his mercies, trembled on her lips.

She had exacted a promise from Mrs. ———,

the richest lady in the village, (but whose consciousness of wealth is only betrayed by her bounty in giving,) that she would see her fitly "*laid out*." This desire, not to appear in the livery of the town's almoners, is characteristic of our New England poor, as if, like a state prison suit, it were a testimony against them. Her benefactress, while living, did not forget her when dead; and the poor old crone was arrayed in a shroud and cap made by Mrs. ——'s "neat handed" daughters. The day of the funeral was one of the wildest of our winter days. Snow and sleet were falling, and the wind blew a tempest. The clouds seemed to sweep the hills as they careered over them, casting over the vallies, the lakes, and the endless woods, one desolate hue; and here and there, dropping their leaden masses to the very base of the mountains. It was a day when all but the hardest youth, and most rugged labourers, cower over their home-fires. The corpse was to be brought from a mile beyond the village, to the burying ground adjoining the "meeting-house," on the very summit of the bleakest hill. One would have thought there was none so poor as

to do her this service. But when the bell tolled, a procession of carriages and wagons were seen following the old pauper; and first came Mrs. ——— and her daughters in her handsome barouche, drawn by a pair of noble grays, that, excited by the storm, pranced and curvetted as they turned up to the churchyard.

Was not this a contrast to the hollow pomp of the city tribute to their great dead, or the careless apathy with which they shovel their poor brothers into their last homes? Ah, the country is the Temple of God, and the fire is here kept alive on his altars!

“Be it ours to meditate,
In these calm shades thy milder majesty,
And, to the beautiful order of thy works,
Learn to conform the order of our lives.”





The Mother's Dying

THE FADING FIRST-BORN.

BY MRS. DA PONTÉ.

AH ! yes, the spirit's glow is gone,
 Pass'd from that face away,
 The flush of childhood and of health,
 Fled with thy slow decay.
 No more the sound of joy is heard
 From that low mournful voice;
 No more sweet days of gladness come,
 Thou canst not now rejoice.

Ah ! yes, the spirit's glow is gone;
 What mortal hand can now
 Recall the brightness to that eye,
 The colour to that brow ?

'Tis all in vain ; no human power,
I feel, at last, can save ;
And thou who call'dst me mother first,
Art singled for the grave.

And I ! what dreams I had for thee,
Of life and future years ;
Without a shadow in that course,
Or grief's destroying tears.
Thoughts, dreams, and visions, what are they ?
Fond mockeries of the brain ;
Hopes, o'er whose momentary light
The heart must weep in vain.

Pale child ! I dare not number o'er
Thy days of pain and grief ;
How long, how patiently thy voice,
Imploring, sought relief.
How many watching hours were thine,
'Mid loneliness and fears,
With only God and me, to mark
Thy agony and tears.

And now the spirit's glow is gone
Forever from that face,

All that remains of loveliness,
Death's hand will soon efface.
For life is ebbing fast from thee,
My sad and gentle child ;
Alas ! the blighted blossom fails,
Ere summer skies have smiled.

'Twill be a bitter hour, I know,
When those last words are said,
And silently and coldly falls
The earth upon thy bed :
When rude and stronger hands have borne
Thy coffin from my sight ;
I could not see them shut thee from
This world of sun and light.

I bury thee ! how strangely falls
That word upon my heart—
How shall I bear the hour at last,
My child, when we must part !
I cannot tell ! I dare not think !
I almost fear to pray ?
O God ! the giver of the soul,
Support me through that day.

THOUGHTS ON POETRY.

BY BERNARD BARTON.

POETRY has been the recreation, the luxury of my scanty leisure. It has won me the acquaintance and friendship of some, with whom intercourse has been an honour and a blessing. Though it has gained me little of what the world calls profit, less of what the world deems fame, I do not for a moment regret the hours I have stolen from recreation and repose, to force my way to the little niche I occupy, among the sons of song.

If poetry is not now so much in vogue as it was some ten years since, I still hold to my first love; for I cannot believe that any one ever truly loved it, for its own sake, for the sake of the happiness it might confer on others, and had cause to

repent of such a disinterested attachment. We, rhyming people, have our recompense after our own fashion, and no bad one it is. Now and then, in some unlooked for moment, we find that we have not, totally in vain, "cast our bread upon the waters." Here and there, our strain may have found its way to hearts "which have believed our report;" and the thoughts and feelings passing through our own, have been echoed back in the response of kindred thought and congenial feeling, to gladden our solitary hours.

We have followed no "cunningly devised fable," in devoting ourselves to this "high calling," for such it is, to those who exercise it in child-like simplicity and sincerity of heart. Talk of freemasonry, and its bond of brotherhood, and its token of recognition; we beat them out and out. Their insignia, the pomp and circumstance of their processions, the boasted mystery of their craft, are but child's play, compared to ours; the mere mummary of look and gesture, or an elaborate appeal to sight and sense. They are of the "earth, earthy;" our bond and seal is intellectual, ethereal. Doubtless, "we are the people, and wisdom

will die with us." I mean not, of course, we individually, but our order, the faculty and class to which we appertain. "They had no poet, and they died," has been well said of forgotten realms and ages.

Would but the children of the muse, walk worthy of their vocation, and use it as not abusing it; in the light and liberty of this Christian era, they might be no inefficient agents, in the moral and spiritual regeneration of the world. Will it be alleged that the warmest admirers of poetry, or those who most appreciate and enjoy it, are to be found among the ranks of childhood and youth? This is no proof that I have taken an untenable position, for we do not always grow wiser or better with advancing years. With regard to the most sacred and sublime of all truths, that which was miraculously revealed to us from Heaven, are we not expressly told, that "out of the mouths of babes and sucklings, God hath perfected praise?" I would not for a moment affect to confound things in their nature different, yet will I fearlessly assert, that it is no slight testimony to the worth, no inconsiderable tribute to the ex-

cellence of poetry, that it should always have won the cordial and spontaneous suffrage of those whom the world had not had time to harden, or opportunity to contaminate.

Let us, then, through evil report and good report, through every fluctuation of opinion or vicissitude of fortune, continue to advocate the cause, and uphold the true worth of poetry. Undazzled by the splendid triumphs of science, undeafened by the din of politics, unseduced by the lures of mammon, let us, in this age of utilitarianism and party strife,—this era of railroads, and steamboats, and joint-stock companies, quietly and patiently hold on the “noiseless tenor of our way.” Ours is the oldest of the sciences, the purest of all policy, the richest mine opened to those who dig for happiness, as for hid treasure. What are the unsatisfying pursuits of the selfish and ambitious, compared to the wealth which is ours by prescriptive right? the empire of the mind, the homage of the heart, the sovereignty over the purest of our sympathies, the aspiration of that within us which is immortal, after its highest, holiest, most enduring destiny? These are the things

which make or mar the image of the Divinity in our poor, frail, human nature, and not the modern devices of men. Adam and Eve knew not of such inventions. Neither would they have cared for them while they kept their "first and glorious estate." What attention would they have obtained in that bright and blissful era, when the "morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy!" Where were they, even at a much later period, after a sad and sinful change had passed over our fallen race, yet left some traits of primitive simplicity to brighten the pastoral beauty of the patriarchal age? But can we say, that poetry, in its essential elements, did not then exist? Surely, no one who has read and felt the simple and sublime annals of Holy Writ, would hazard the assertion. If, then, it be an incontestible truth, that all which constitutes the true "*material*" of poetry, was given to man when he was first formed in the image of God, if we may assume that it gladdened the bowers of Eden, ere sin entered, and "death by sin;" if even, after the fall, though shorn of its original brightness, it still survived to plead with, ennoble

and exalt whatever humanity still retained of a purer and better nature, who shall say that ours is not the oldest of the sciences, the most illustrious of the arts, the first-born of all the systems of philosophy? Of a truth, we have a high and noble calling, hallowed by antiquity, for we "date beyond the pyramids," sanctified by the voice of inspiration, for the Bible itself is poetry.

WOODEBRIDGE, SUFFOLK, IN ENGLAND.

SACRED MELODY

BY R. SHELTON MACKENZIE, L.L.D.

THE ship pass'd proudly o'er the deep,
With every sail unfurl'd ;
And, in Day's calm and silent sleep,
Seem'd fit to rule the world ;
But stormy winds arose, whose sweep
The proud barque backward hurl'd.

She bow'd beneath the tempest's might,
Her straining timbers bent,
And the seamen's prayers, that awful night,
With the hurricano blent :
Bold cheeks were blanch'd, when morning's light
Saw them bow'd by toil and spent.

But the power of God what storm can check ?

He heard the suffering brave !

The dreadful tempest knew His beck,

And ceased to swell the wave ;

And safely on the vessel's deck

Paced those He deign'd to save.

Thus grant, where'er my barque be driven,

O'er Life's tempestuous sea,

Thy mighty aid, O Lord ! be given,

To save and succour me ;

Fixing my constant thought on Heaven,

To love and worship Thee !

LIVERPOOL, ENGLAND.

SYRA.

BY DEMETRIUS STAMATIADIS, M.D.,

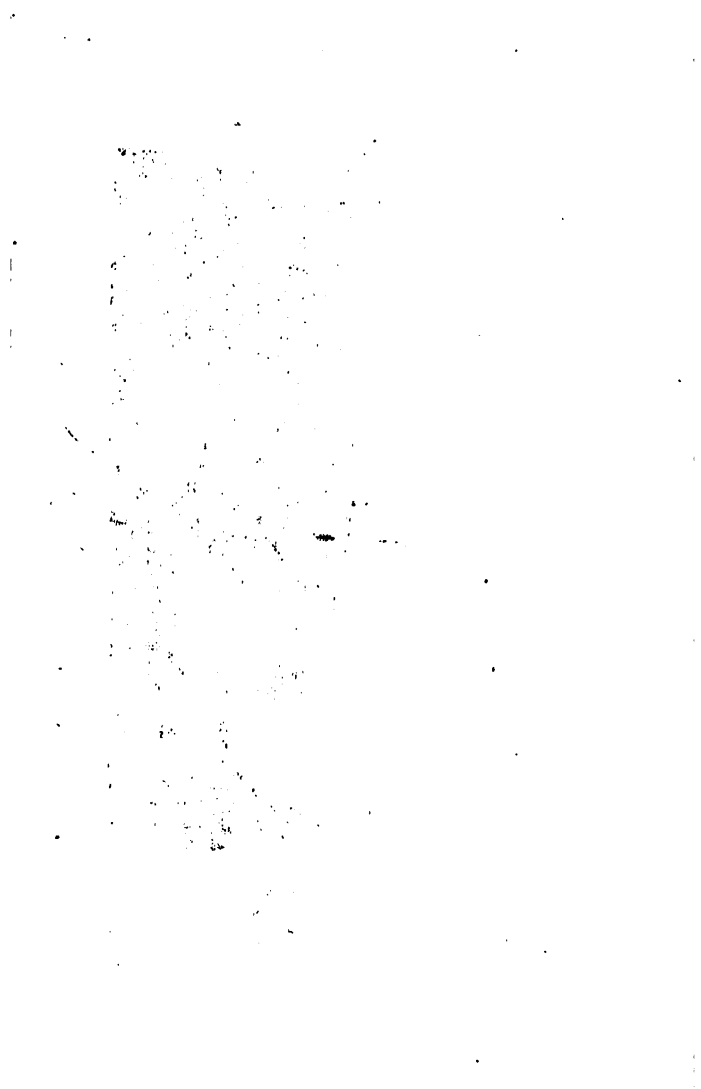
A native of Samos, Greece.

" See fruitful Syra stored with grass, to keep
The bellowing oxen and the bleating sheep ;
Her sloping hills, the mantling vines adorn,
And her rich valleys wave with golden corn."

HOMER'S *Odyssey*.

POPE'S translation, book 25, v. 438.

THIS delightful island of the Grecian Archipelago, anciently known by the names of Syros and Syria, is about forty-five miles in circumference. Its general aspect is rough and hilly. Towards the north, its hills assume the size of mountains, steep and fantastically shaped. On the south, those portions which can be devoted to



SYRA.

JOHN M. GRADES, M.D.,

CHIEF OF CLINICAL MEDICINE,

AND

PHYSICIAN

IN CHARGE OF THE

CLINICAL SECTION,

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO, CHICAGO, ILL.

Author of "The Principles of Medicine," "The Principles of Surgery,"

"The Principles of Obstetrics,"

"The Principles of Pediatrics," "The Principles of Pathology,"

"The Principles of

Physiology,"

"The Principles of

Medicine," "The Principles of

Pathology,"

"The Principles of

Medicine," "The Principles of Pathology," "The Principles of

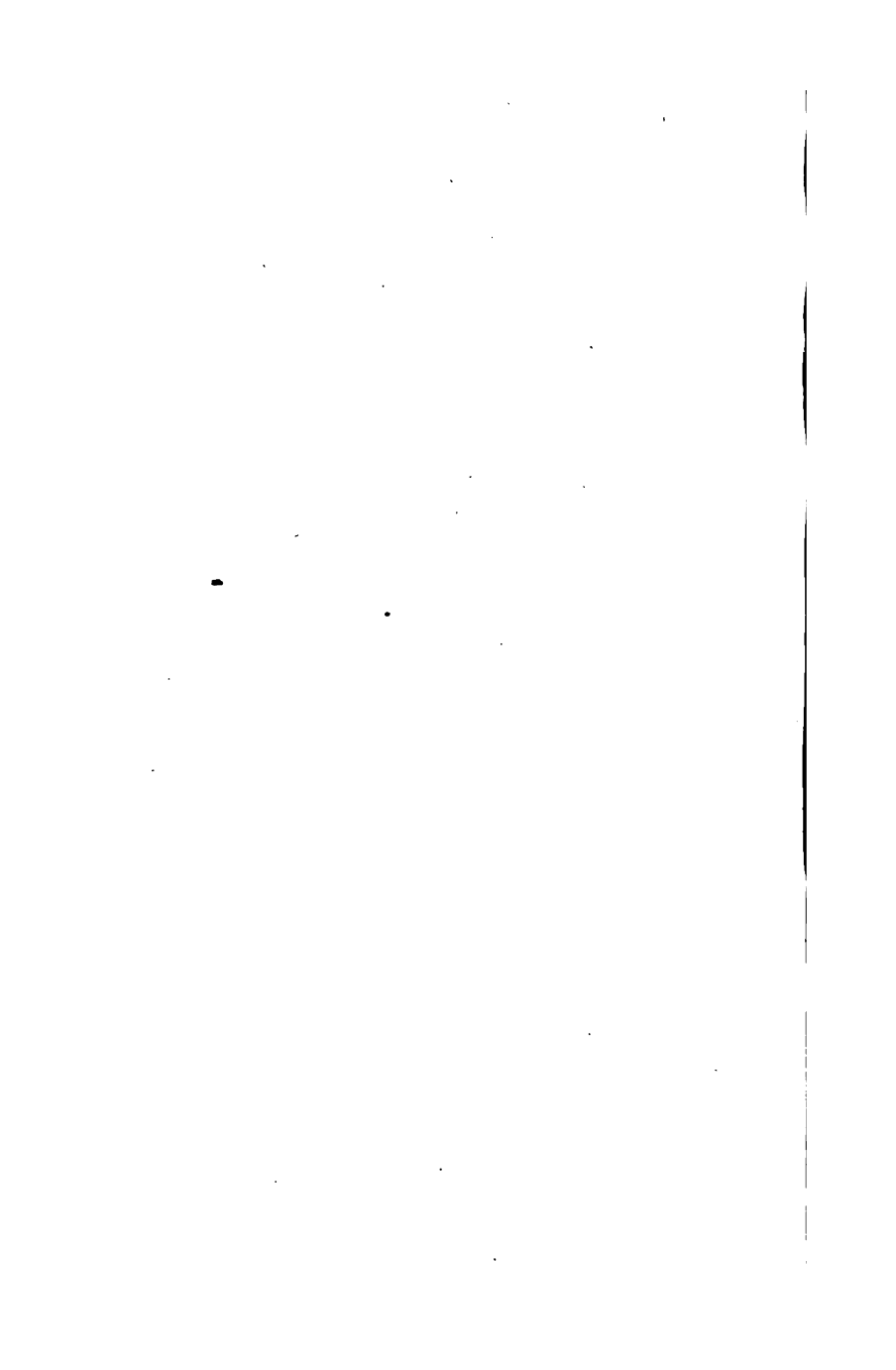


1. Port of Monterey, Cal.

2. Port of Monterey, Cal.

Port of Monterey, Cal.

p. 60.



cultivation, are as fertile now, as in the days of the Father of Poetry, who was for many ages considered the best geographer of Greece. The red wine, its principal production, though much valued in Greece, is hardly sufficient to form an object of commerce, or be much known in distant countries.

On the south-east side of the island, is its capital, bearing the same name. Love of liberty here, as in most other parts of Greece, induced the founders of this town to nestle their habitations, of dazzling whiteness, around the declivities of a conical hill of considerable height. It is nearly two miles distant from the harbour. The houses are built with massy walls, and so precipitous is the ground they occupy, that their flat roofs serve for piazzas to the occupants of the dwellings next above them. The streets are narrow, and resemble slippery staircases, extremely dangerous to mount, in rainy seasons. The Catholic cathedral crowns the summit of the hill. From the terrace of this splendid edifice the scenery, irradiated by a cloudless sky, is one of surpassing magnificence and beauty. To the south-east, lies the modern

city, Hermoupolis, (or city of Mercury,) so called on account of its extensive commerce. It rises on the acclivities of receding hills, like an amphitheatre, embracing a safe and capacious harbour. Numbers of windmills, erected on the most conspicuous eminences, and hundreds of vessels of all nations, lying in parallel lines, as it were, within the arms of the city, tend to enhance still more, the beauty of the foreground. Beyond this the eye of the beholder, without the aid of a glass, can see the clustering Cyclades, spread out in all their rich and varied colouring.

The inhabitants of the upper and more ancient town, are nearly all Catholics. They separated themselves from the Greek or Eastern church, when the Genoese and Venetian republics were at the acme of their power, and promised to protect any of the Grecian islands against the common enemy of the Christian name, provided they would forsake the peculiar religious tenets of their fathers, and acknowledge the supremacy of the pope. Though descendants of Greeks, and equally oppressed by the same tyrant, they felt not that impulse which roused the best energies of the

Greek nation in 1821. Promising, secretly, to continue their obedience to the Porte, they were safe from any invasion that threatened their neighbours. Thus, this island, lying in the midst of a most bloody arena, when *extermination* was the order of the day, became the asylum of multitudes who survived the wreck of their homes and families. Fatherless children, widows, and childless parents, there took refuge. The dense population which soon thronged this favourite island, tempted merchants, from various parts of Greece and of other maritime nations, to seek it as their abode.

Hermoupolis thus drew nutriment from the distresses and fears of some, and the commercial enterprise of others. Its population, amounting to nearly forty thousand, for the most part native Greeks, eclipsed the original inhabitants of the upper town in power and influence. Hermoupolis is the residence of the Nomarch, or governor of a district, including many islands, who is appointed by the king of Greece. Ever since the commencement of the Greek revolution, it has been the storehouse of Russian and Egyptian grain, for the consumption of the whole of Greece. Its principal

street is about half a mile in length, and from ten to thirteen feet broad. It is paved with large and shapeless stones, irregularly laid. A kind of awning, made of canvass, suspended over the street, intercepts the rays of the sun by day, and the light of the moon by night. This whole street, together with many others which strike off at right angles from ten to twenty rods in length, are filled with merchandise and tradesmen of every name and degree. Beside other places of public instruction, there is a mission school, to which is attached a printing press in active operation, under the direction of the Rev. Dr. Robertson, a learned and indefatigable missionary of the Protestant Episcopal church, in the United States of America. At a short distance from the city is a spacious enclosure, with warehouses for a quarantine ground. Hermoupolis contains also a hospital and several beautiful churches; a basino, or merchants' exchange, and many coffee-houses.

Varied and interesting associations, connected with a residence of two years in Syra, throng my memory. To describe some of them, would be to me a pleasure. But the space allotted me is ex-

pended, and I close, with a feeling of gratitude for having been permitted to occupy it; and also, with a consciousness that where brevity is an object, there may be hazard in allowing a *Greek* to expatiate on any portion of his own dear native clime.

NEW YORK, *April*, 1838.

STANZAS

BY GRENVILLE MELLEN.

But thy more serious eye a mild reproof
Darts, O beloved woman !

* * * *

Thou biddest me walk humbly with my God.

COLERIDGE.

I.

OFT, oft, I deem—when I'm alone,
And think, as I have dreamt of thee,
How, could I call thee all mine own,
The promise and the mystery
Of my life's light would be fulfill'd,
And every wicked impulse still'd.

II.

I think, that could thy presence bend,
Like a wing'd angel round my way,
And thy deep eye its glory lend,
A guiding and presiding ray,
On the loud ocean where I ride,
The victim of its booming tide!

III.

Could I but hear thy voice again,
Through night-watch on the night-wind ring,
As oft, when hope was in its wane,
'Twas round me—as some blessed thing—
Calling me back to earth and thee,
By some strange, heaven-taught melody!

IV.

Could I but feel thy radiant hair,
When on my starless solitude
Gather the memories of despair,
In caverns where they love to brood—
Flash like a gushing sunlight round
A soul new woke to sight and sound!

V.

Then should I feel a guard and guide
Again my failing footsteps cheer!
And spirit forms about me glide,
Holier than aught that lights us here—
Seraphs, whose thin hands beckon on
To hallow'd homes where they have gone!

VI.

Who made Time beautiful—until
We trod upon their graves—when all;
That flow'd Life's stagnant fount to fill,
Seem'd but some hidden stream of gall,
That made but one imbitter'd day
The journey of our pilgrim way!

RUSSELL ATHERTON.**A PHYSICIAN'S TALE.****BY MRS. EMMA C. EMBURY.**

"No man, having put his hand to the plough, and looking back, is fit for the kingdom of heaven."—LUKE IX. 62.

Of all the various professions to which men devote themselves in the pursuit of fame or fortune, there is, perhaps, none which enables one to study human nature so closely, as the practice of medicine. The lawyer beholds the more sordid part of man's character; the suspicion which experience has engendered, or the grasping avarice which covets the goods of a neighbour. The clergyman is called to witness the devotional

feelings of the good, or the bitter penitence of the wicked, but rarely is he summoned until all earthly hope has passed away. When the dart of death is upraised before them, and the strength of the heart faileth, then do men apply to God's appointed minister. But the physician is called to heal the diseased frame, as soon as the first vague fear of death is awakened. The pride of life, and the love of the world, are still strong in man's heart, long after physical suffering has bowed down his stately frame, and made him "helpless as an unweaned child;" and it is to human nature, under these circumstances, that the physician is introduced. He alone can watch the workings of the unveiled spirit amid the fretfulness of pain and the anxiety of worldly cares; he alone can trace the gradual change in the mind of his patient—the first burst of impatience at restraint—the first faint shadow of fear—the heart sickness of hope deferred, and, finally, the awful struggle when "hope is lost in certainty of wo,"^a and the victim is compelled to look upon the face of the king of terrors without the slightest expectation of evading his suspended blow. O, how

much, how very much of frail and suffering human nature may be learned in the chamber of sickness and death !

I was sitting in my study, one fine summer afternoon, when my servant announced a stranger; the card which he presented bore the name of Russell Atherton. Raising my eyes from the ponderous volume which lay before me, I beheld a tall, finely formed man, but with a slight bend of the shoulders, and consequent narrowness of chest, which too often betokens the victim of consumption. At the first glance I was struck with the intellectual beauty of his head, the extraordinary resemblance which it bore to a superb bust of an Apollo, which had long been the principal ornament of my library. The delicately chiselled lips, the large almond-shaped eyes, the short, thick curls turned back from the broad forehead, the straight, Grecian nose, with those thin, flexible nostrils so rarely seen in nature, and so beautiful in the masterpieces of sculpture—all combined to render the resemblance perfect. He had come to consult with me respecting his own health; “A cough, which had occasionally troubled him for

CHAPTER.

such as a riot and in
enjoy. At every visit

change for the worse, and

series of some weeks, I re

turned his wicked. I found

lying in one of those narrow

which disfigure the streets

and from the eyes of the

of his own race. A single

room looked just like an

bed in the apartment, and the

of the whole house

was enjoying some

The man was leaning

a wooden contrivance, but

ty in his arms; but over

about as if dropped just

ed. A miserable fire

the top of which

bellows and a few

staple-piece was a mockery

crups, dirty candlesticks

red with a coating of ash

the whole apartment bore

RUSSELL ATHERTON.

ce, that the evils of discord
of poverty.

was lying on the bed, and I
ceive the change, that a few
his appearance. He perceived
holding out his emaciated hand
on see me much altered, doctor
can avail me little, but the voice
alleviate my sufferings. I have
to my miserable home, not with
can heal my tortured body, but
d up the broken spirit." I sat
and soothed his excited feel
without attempting to inspire a
knew must be futile. His pub
with a rapidity that defied time's
not, and the vein vibrated beneath my
tense chord. I had been talking with
ps, half an hour, when the door opened
ate with my back towards it, I did not
had entered, but from the cloud which
y passed over Atherton's brow, I knew
usion was an unwelcome one. I turned
beheld the woman I had passed on the

several months, a settled pain in the side, and a slight attack of hemorrhage of the lungs, had warned him," he said, "to apply in time for medical advice." In time, thought I; alas, when a "*slight cough*" has been neglected until it has produced such results, a man's time is short. Upon inquiring into his habits of life, in order to ascertain whether there were any external causes likely to keep up the irritability which it was so essential to subdue, I learned that he was a schoolmaster, a profession trying to a strong constitution, and almost inevitably fatal to a delicate one. After carefully examining his case, I frankly stated to him my belief, that nothing but a total abandonment of his profession, and a voyage to Santa Cruz, during the winter months, could arrest the progress of his disease. The colour mounted to his clear brow and as suddenly faded, leaving his lip and cheek ashy pale, as he replied, "Then, doctor, my fate is sealed; you have uttered a sentence of death upon me!" My feelings were painfully excited by this unlooked for agitation, and I endeavoured to soothe him by suggesting some mode of temporary relief. He shook his

head mournfully as I attempted to insinuate that I might possibly be mistaken in his symptoms. "No, sir," said he, "your first opinion is the true one; my symptoms are those which always precede consumption. I am weak enough to shrink from the appalling truth, and yet life has not been to me so bright a scene, that I should quit it with unwilling step." A long and interesting conversation ensued between us, and after spending two hours with me, he departed, leaving upon my mind the most favourable impressions; and, I trust, feeling that he had found a friend where he had only expected to see a physician.

He called upon me frequently after our first interview, and a more intimate acquaintance only served to impress me more deeply with admiration of his fine talents, and regard for his gentle character. I soon learned that poverty, the curse of genius, was upon him, and I was not surprised, therefore, that he never desired to see me at his own house, but I was convinced that something more than the mere want of worldly wealth was preying on his mind. Of his family he never spoke, and I could not help suspecting that his

domestic circle was not such as a refined and intellectual mind could enjoy. At every visit I could perceive in him a change for the worse, and at length, after an interval of some weeks, I received a summons to attend his sick-bed. I found him lying, or rather dying, in one of those narrow, crowded streets which disgrace the central part of New York, and form the asylum alike of squalid poverty and loathsome vice. A slipshod, slovenly-looking woman hurried past me, on the stairs, as I ascended to his apartment, and the untidy appearance of the whole house convinced me that poor Atherton was enjoying none of the quiet of a home. His room was decently furnished, and would have seemed comfortable, had it been neat and orderly in its array; but every thing seemed thrown about as if dropped just where it had been last used. A miserable fire smoked in the rusty Franklin, the top of which was graced by a broken-nosed bellows and a few billets of wood. On the mantel-piece was a motley assortment of cracked cups, dirty candlesticks, and empty phials, covered with a coating of ashes and dust. In short, the whole apartment bore indis-

putable evidence, that the evils of disorder were added to those of poverty.

Atherton was lying on the bed, and I almost started to perceive the change, that a few weeks had made in his appearance. He perceived my surprise, and holding out his emaciated hand, said, faintly, "You see me much altered, doctor; medical skill can avail me little, but the voice of a friend may alleviate my sufferings. I have summoned you to my miserable home, not with the hope that you can heal my tortured body, but that you may bind up the broken spirit." I sate down beside him, and soothed his excited feelings, though without attempting to inspire a hope which I knew must be futile. His pulse was beating with a rapidity that defied time's measurement, and the vein vibrated beneath my finger like a tense chord. I had been talking with him, perhaps, half an hour, when the door opened, and as I sate with my back towards it, I did not see who had entered, but from the cloud which suddenly passed over Atherton's brow, I knew the intrusion was an unwelcome one. I turned and beheld the woman I had passed on the stairs.

Some attempt had been made to render herself more decent in appearance; her feet were no longer stockingless, and her soiled gown had been exchanged for a tawdry silk, but still the slattern was discernible in the ill-combed locks and unwashed hands. How much was I astounded when I learned that this redhaired, freckled, coarse-looking creature was the wife of Atherton. Surprise almost deprived me of my self-possession, and the woman had overwhelmed me with a torrent of vulgar eloquence, before I recovered myself sufficiently to answer her with proper civility. Her manners were, if possible, more vulgar than her appearance, being characterized by a sort of fawning servility, far more disgusting than rudeness, and the longer I looked and listened, the more did I bewilder myself in conjecturing the causes which had led to this ill-assorted marriage.

I will not enter into the minute detail of Atherton's illness. Consumption was hurrying him rapidly to the grave, and my only hope now was, to see him become tranquil in mind before his departure. He appeared to feel no regret at leaving the world, but there was a dread shrinking from

the unknown future which I regretted to observe. I was somewhat surprised at this, because his conversation had convinced me that he had been nurtured in all the observances of religion, and I believed him to be deeply imbued with the spirit of piety. A few days before his death, he narrated to me his melancholy story. The incidents of his life are such as could scarcely happen to another; but when we trace all his misfortunes to the one great error, the withdrawal of his hand after it had been put to the plough, his history may not be without its moral. I will give it, as nearly as I can, in his own words.

“My father was a tradesman in Liverpool, and I am the only survivor of a family of ten children. My mother dying when I was but a few weeks old, I became the sole charge of my eldest sister, and never was a parent more devoted to an only child than was my sister to me, the orphaned ‘youngling of the flock.’ She seemed to me beautiful in my childhood, because she looked on me with loving eyes; but even now, though many a lovely vision has since passed before my view, she is still, to my memory, pre-eminently lovely,

She had the large, soft eye, the thick, black curls, and the bright lip that poets love to sing; and the loveliness of her nature was imprinted on her countenance, in characters that neither poverty nor sorrow could efface.

“Early in life I evinced a decided predilection for books, and my sister secretly determined to use every exertion to gratify my desire for education. An epidemic, which raged in our neighbourhood when I was about four years old, prostrated all our family, and left only my father, my sister, and myself, to mourn over our desolated hearth. This calamity, grievous though it seemed, afforded me the means of acquiring such an education as must necessarily have been denied me, had there been still many claimants on my father’s industry.

“I will not dwell on my childish years, though by the hues which the soul then imbibes the whole life is coloured, yet how can we describe the gradual deepening of the first faint tints in childhood—those tints which would throw their golden and purple light over all our future years, if the deep blackness of sin did not ever blot and mar their gorgeousness. I was devoted to learn-

ing, and profited diligently by the advantages which were afforded me; but as I grew older my future destination in life, became a serious question with my father. He could not afford to educate me for a profession, and my soul revolted at the idea of becoming a mechanic, or devoting myself to trade. I happened to overhear a gentleman conversing with one of my teachers respecting my attainments, and regretting that his own large family forbade his affording me the means of obtaining literary distinction. In the course of his remarks, he spoke of a society lately established by some benevolent ladies in Liverpool, for the education of missionaries, and hinted that if I should hereafter evince any tendency towards a religious vocation, I might there find facilities for prosecuting my studies. This conversation sunk deep in my mind, and determined me to pursue steadily the course I had taken, leaving it to circumstances to decide my future destiny.

“When I was about fifteen, my father resolved to put an end to what he called my unprofitable studies, and made known to me his intention of binding me apprentice to a neighbouring shoe-

maker. Tears of rage and mortification burst from my eyes, as I ran to my sister with the hateful tidings. The poor girl was overwhelmed with grief at my disappointment, but when I gave way to the most violent paroxysms of indignation—when the fierce oath and the passionate curse burst from my lips, her gentle spirit was completely terror-stricken. I believe she thought me under the influence of some evil spirit; she did not dream that evil had become familiar to *my* spirit, and that while my intellect was maturing, my purity of mind was fast fading away. Alas! the light of knowledge is too often given out from unholy fires, and the lessons of deceit are too often learned along with the precepts of wisdom. I had entered school a pure-minded boy, thirsting for learning, and my thirst had been slaked at the turbid stream of vice, no less than at the wellspring of truth. I was an admirable scholar, and an accomplished hypocrite. I had come in contact with the vile and the base among my schoolfellows; I had learned the impure and the blasphemous from my books, and who may ‘touch pitch, yet not be defiled?’ My sister knew nothing of this change in

my character—to her my conduct was still kind; she loved me, and when does woman voluntarily behold the faults of an object of affection? After a long struggle with my rebellious feelings, I finally determined to devote myself to a religious life, rather than relinquish my studies. Here, sir, was my first great crime. I entered the sanctuary, not like the holy child, Samuel, whom God had called, but rather like the wicked son of Eli, to snatch with unholy hand, from the altar of the Lord, the sacrifice which should have sent its incense up to Heaven.

“I persuaded my sister to make application in my behalf to the foundress of the institution, an old lady noted for her wealth and good works, who resided near us, in Liverpool. I knew that Mildred’s sweet face and gentle manner would plead powerfully in my favour, and I felt that I needed an intercessor when thus about to pervert to unholy uses, the gifts which these pious ladies intended to offer at the shrine of Heaven. My sister succeeded in her mission; I was allowed to become a candidate for admission into their class of young missionaries. I was afterwards examined

by some pious clergymen, and, as my literary attainments were pronounced sufficient to enable me to enter college, I was placed on their list of beneficiaries. How can I describe to you the system of deceit which I now carried on. My zeal for knowledge, only, was sincere; night and day did I devote myself to the acquisition of learning, in order that I might finally obtain literary fame. But to suit the view of my benefactress, it was necessary to advance also in religious knowledge, and to this also I applied myself, lest neglect should deprive me of the opportunity of worldly advancement. I soon became deeply versed in theological lore, but alas! the fine gold became but as dross in my hands; I obtained the form, but not the spirit of godliness.

“A short time before I was to be ordained, and thus solemnly set apart for the sacred office I had volunteered to fill, I was fortunate enough to save the life of young Lord G——, when, by the sudden overturn of his pleasure boat, he was in danger of drowning. The gratitude of his father, the Earl of Claremont, knew no bounds, and he lavished upon me a thousand promises of future preferment

when I should have completed my studies. A vague idea of quitting the mission service, when I should have had my selfish purposes answered, had long been shadowed forth in my mind; but this incident seemed to give it a distinct form, and I resolved to play the hypocrite even at the altar, if I might thus obtain one steppingstone to worldly distinction.

“My studies were at length completed, and the time came for my ordination. Another young student was to go through the same holy ceremony. As we stood together, and knelt together in the sacred tabernacle, my heart was, for a moment, bowed down to the dust, and I felt that I would gladly exchange all my hopes of earthly fame for the humble piety of my gentle fellow-student. I have since learned that the humble piety which I half despised, has elevated him to a bishopric, while my proud hopes have left me to die, brokenhearted in the midst of misery and want.

“Before there was time to assign to me a missionary station, I received a letter from the Earl of Claremont, offering me the situation of tutor to his son, with the promise of a valuable living on

the death of the old incumbent. The temptation was irresistible; ingratitude was added to my list of vices; and when the board of missions assigned me my post of duty, I wrote a cold renunciation of the task I had undertaken, and immediately accepted the offer of the earl.

“My sister grieved deeply over my apostasy, though she still loved me with all the abiding tenderness of woman’s heart. My father had long ceased to take any interest in my affairs, and having given himself up to intemperance, my sister was left to struggle, as she best could, with poverty and discomfort. The salary which I was to receive, though not large, seemed more than sufficient to purchase comforts for both of us, and I left her with a promise of writing to her frequently, and furnishing her with the means of subsistence, which she could no longer derive from my father. Will you believe me when I tell you that a few pounds, sent soon after I entered upon my new duties, was all she ever received from the brother who owed every thing to her care? My money was spent in the lowest haunts of vice—voluntarily sought, because I was sure that there my

guilt would be hidden from the observation of my patron.

“I had already spent two years amid the luxuries of Claremont house, caressed by the earl, and apparently beloved by my pupil, when a circumstance occurred which blighted all my prospects, and plunged me into a depth of misery almost unfathomable. My sister Mildred’s letters had become more and more desponding; at length she wrote to me that my father was in prison for debt, and that she was his companion in durance. Half maddened by the tale, for I still loved her tenderly, I knew not where to look for aid. Two days before I received her letter, the earl had paid me all my arrears of salary, and I had lost every farthing, the same evening, at the gaming table. I dared not apply to the earl; therefore, lest my long-hidden vices should be discovered, or, at least, suspected, and my feelings were wrought up almost to madness. I pictured to myself the degradation and misery which my sweet sister was suffering, until half frenzied with the thought, I felt that I would almost have realized the fables of the Ger-

man mystics, and signed a visible bond with the evil one.

“While I was in this dreadful state of mind, the earl called me into his cabinet, one morning, and handing me a bag containing a considerable amount of gold, asked me to count it for him, as he wished to send it to his banker. ‘I do not know how much it contains,’ said the good-natured earl, ‘your madcap pupil snatched a handful from it when I first received it, and I doubt whether he took the trouble to count his gains.’ He entered his dressing-room, as he spoke, and I followed. He had not yet seated himself, when he was summoned to a visiter in the library, and bidding me remain until his return, he left me. As the door closed behind him, a strange, wild thought suddenly crossed my mind. I clutched the bag with a closer grasp—my fingers suddenly relaxed, and it fell clanging on the marble table. The sound seemed to act like magic upon me; my thoughts, in a moment, became perfectly collected, and I determined to follow the suggestion of the tempter. I thought of my sister pining in prison, while I held untold gold in my grasp; and my nerves be-

came, as it were, new strung. I opened the bag, and hastily taking out five pieces, thrust them into my pocket. I was about closing the bag, but the demon of avarice had full possession of me. I could not stop at so small a sum; one more, and yet another, until at length I had taken ten guineas from the golden store. Hurriedly I closed the bag, and with parched lip and burning cheek, sate down to await the earl's return. My anxious glance traversed the room as if afraid that the very walls would betray me; but all seemed safe, and when the earl entered, he found me with my head leaning on my hands so absorbed in thought, that I had not even heard the door unclosed. The money was counted, and the earl ordered his horse for his morning ride, leaving me to think over my irrevocable deed. What I suffered that night I never can describe. I thought of the high vocation to which I had originally devoted myself; I recalled the many pious precepts which had fallen upon my heart like water upon the unyielding marble, and my very soul quivered with remorse and horror.

"Among the domestics of the earl's household, was one who had the charge of our sleeping apart-

ments; and as my pupil and myself occupied the same suite of rooms, she was more frequently brought under our observation than any other female in the house. When I tell you that in the person of my wife, you behold the individual in question, it will be unnecessary for me to describe her. Her manner to me, upon several occasions, had been disgustingly familiar, and feeling myself immeasurably her superior, I did not hesitate to repel her impertinence in very severe terms. Her malignant look, as she vowed to be revenged on me, I had too much cause to remember. The day after I had plunged my soul so irremediably in guilt, I sent the money to my sister, and was returning from the postoffice, when I encountered this woman in a sequestered lane near the castle. I was passing her without any notice, when her loud laugh of scorn caused me to look up, and I beheld her standing directly before me, in the path, with the most diabolical expression of countenance. I attempted to pursue my way without heeding her insulting manner, when she suddenly laid her hand on my arm, and putting her mouth close to my ear, uttered in a low, hissing whisper,

‘Have you disposed of the earl’s gold, my pious tutor?’ I started as if a thunderbolt had fallen at my feet. ‘Base woman, what mean you!’ I exclaimed, ‘begone and let me pass.’ ‘Give yourself no such airs, my pretty lad,’ said she mockingly, ‘when you were in the earl’s dressing-room, yesterday morning, my eye was upon you. You looked round very carefully, but you did not see the half-open door behind the crimson hangings. The bag was lighter by ten golden guineas, when your fingers loosed their hold.’ As she spoke, she uttered once more her fiendlike laughter, and turned away. I started as she let go my arm—made one step forward—and fell senseless in the path.

“How shall I tell you all the degrading circumstances which followed this horrible discovery! My destiny was now in the hands of a low menial, who was the object of my detestation and disgust. I had several clandestine meetings with her, in order to purchase her silence, but every one only served to involve me still deeper in her toils. Her silence was only to be bought by the sacrifice of myself; marriage was the only bond that could secure the

concealment of my fatal secret, and this I positively refused. But her malignity was not thus to be foiled; she appointed a meeting in my room, and contrived to be seen in her entrance by her fellow-servants, so as to give the most odious colouring to my motives. The disgraceful tale was not long in reaching the earl's ears, and I received a note from him, requiring me to make the only reparation in my power to the woman whom he thought I had wronged. What then was my situation? I dared not meet the charge with all the pride of conscious innocence, for I knew her prepared to disclose what must immediately condemn me to a prison. I saw no way to escape the snares which encompassed me, and, adopting the least degrading alternative, I became her husband. Can you imagine a greater degree of wretchedness than that which I now endured? My mind was filled with images of classic beauty—my imagination had long revelled in dreams of loveliness and refined enjoyment—my heart was pining for some 'fairy creature of the element' on which to bestow its hoarded affections, and my *hand* was pledged to a being unworthy the name of woman!

My only hope now was, the living which had been promised by the earl, and I confidently anticipated the long wished for independence, as the incumbent was then sick unto death. But even this last hope was snatched from me. A few days after my marriage, the earl called me into his study, and concluded an affectionate admonition by saying, 'You have marred your fortunes, Atherton, by a single act of indiscretion; a minister of the gospel should be not only pure, but also above suspicion. Here is a check for a hundred pounds—if your necessities require more before you obtain a situation, I will supply you; but the living must be filled by one who wears an unsullied surplice.'

"Why should I linger amid the details of guilt and misery? I hurried to London, and plunged into the wildest dissipation. My wife seemed, to my diseased fancy, like an evil spirit, ever at my side to thrust me deeper and deeper into the pit of darkness. I determined at length to break the intolerable yoke that bound us together, and made secret preparations to quit England forever. I resolved to leave her to her fate; and as she had

destroyed me, so would I cast her off a prey to fortune. But the serpent was too crafty for me, and when I stood upon the deck of the vessel to gaze my last upon my native shore, her malignant laugh rang in my ears—her hateful figure met my startled gaze. She had detected my scheme, and thwarted it by secretly accompanying me.

“How I have lived since I arrived in New York, I can scarcely say. My talents have been variously used as a means of subsistence, and I finally established a school, which would have been successful but for the machinations of my evil genius. She seemed to pursue me with such sleepless jealousy, that I believe she would be willing to starve, if she could but see me perish with her. In vain I have attempted to escape from her; she seems endowed with an intuitive knowledge of all my schemes, and I have struggled uselessly against the miserable imbecility which has enchained my faculties. The tidings which I received, a few weeks since, of my sister Mildred’s death, have completed my destruction. She died broken-hearted. I had killed her!

“Since the day I heard the melancholy tale, I

have been rapidly declining, and death is now very near. I have endeavoured to school myself into a more charitable frame of mind towards my wife, but the task is impossible. I know that I deserve my punishment, but I cannot look with kindness on the instrument of torture.

“To one class of persons, at least, my story might not be entirely useless. Let him who is about to consecrate himself a priest of God, pause and consider whether he is, indeed, without spot or blemish. Let him reflect whether he comes with pure heart and clean hands—whether he has been purged with hyssop, and had his garments washed white from the defilements of sin. Let him remember, that though Abana and Pharpar be rivers of Damascus, it is the water of Jordan alone which can cleanse his leprosy, and make him fit to enter the holy of holies. Wo! wo, unto him whose skirts are soiled with the dust of this world, when he should be clad in a linen garment as white as snow. Wo unto him who enters the sanctuary of the Lord before he has put off his shoes from his feet, and purified himself seven times; yea, and seventy times seven.”

In the graveyard of Trinity church, in New York, is a low monument, scarcely to be observed among the myriads that stand clustering around. It is already half sunk in the soft soil, and should that consecrated ground ever be yielded to the graspings of avarice, and thrown open to the public tread—should the mouldering dead ever be torn from their quiet graves beneath the shadow of the sanctuary to make room for the storehouse and the mart, then the only record of the unfortunate Russell Atherton will be forever effaced from the earth.

BROOKLYN, L. I.

SICKNESS.**WRITTEN ON A SABBATH EVENING.****BY MISS M. A. BROWNE.**

THY chastening hand, O Lord, restrains,
I may not seek Thy house of prayer,
And I must feel how strong the chains
Of suffering clay, that bind me, are ;
Else surely would my spirit flee
To Thy dear church, to worship Thee.

In fancy now with these I am,
I hear the solemn hymn arise,—
Hear prayers and praises of thy name
Mingle in low, deep harmonies,

And grieved and vex'd I turn to see
My chamber walls encircle me.

Yet, Lord, I feel I should not so
Repine,—for 'tis Thy holy will,—
And Thou who mak'st the tempest blow
Canst bid the raging flood be still,
And say, "Beneath the chastening rod
Be still, and know that I am God!"

And thou who fillest heaven and earth
With thy great presence, still art near;
Thy breath, that through all space goes forth,
Is yet my spirit's atmosphere.
All things are Thine, above—below—
And yet, my God, mine own art thou.

And I who may not worship Thee,
Within thine earthly temple here,
May feel thy presence gladdening me,
May feel Thy smile my darkness cheer,—
Thou canst thy Spirit's aid impart
And build Thy temple in my heart.

O, build it!—build an altar there,
And let its fire be Love Divine,—
Its incense be the soul of Prayer,
And Faith its lamps that cloudless shine,—
Let holy thoughts and good desires
Flit round and feed those sacred fires.

Perhaps, Thou dost in mercy take
Mine outward privilege away,
Lest, resting there my heart, I make
Too much that privilege my stay—
O, blest privation! if it be
To make me lean alone on Thee.

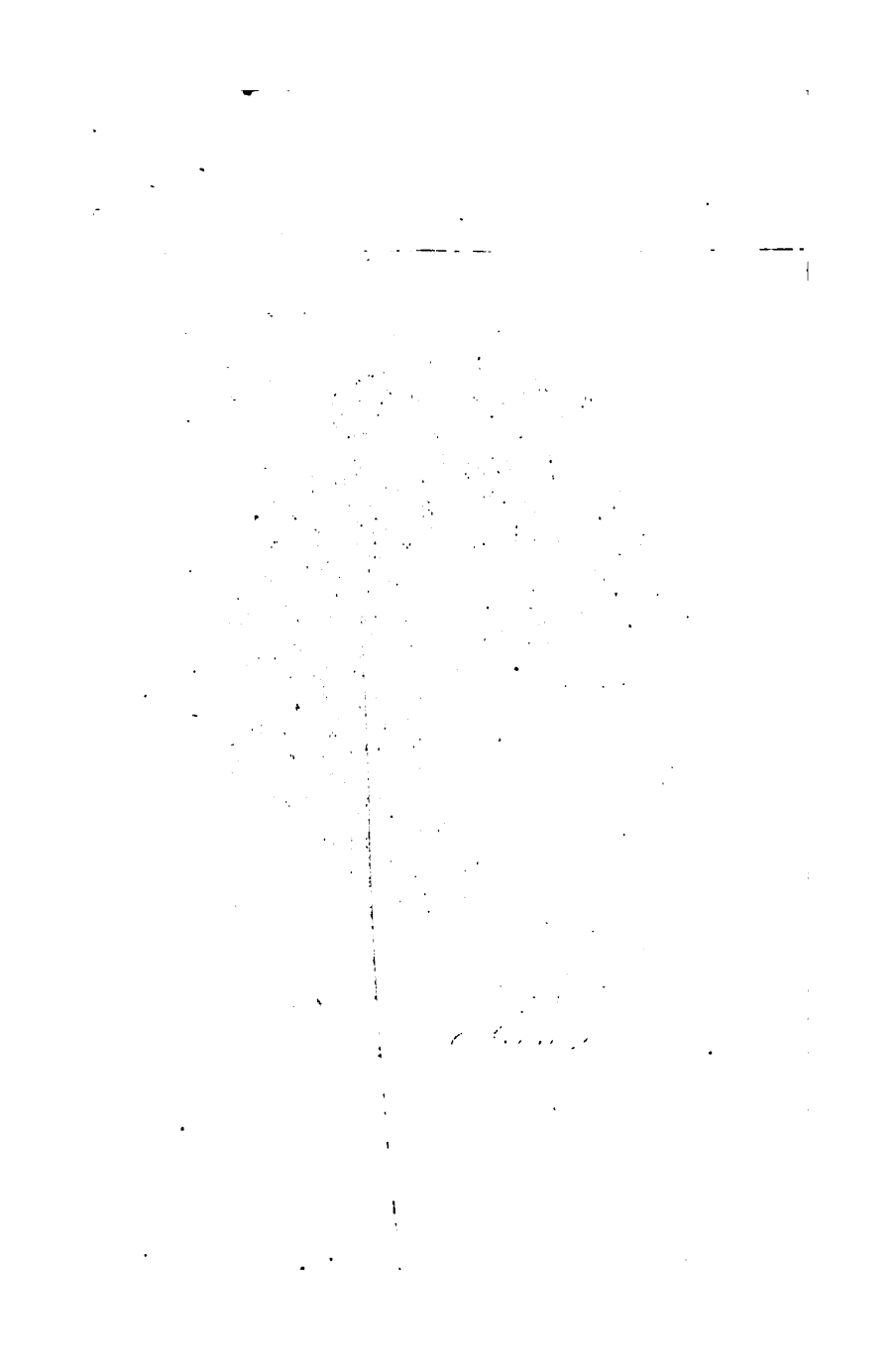
Soon shall the time of freedom come,
The bonds of earth shall gall no more,
Then shall I reach my heavenly home,
And all these needful chastenings o'er,
Shall worship with the ransom'd bands
In thine own house “not made with hands.”

LIVERPOOL, ENGLAND, *March 17 1838.*

MRS. STEWART,**LATE MISSIONARY TO THE SANDWICH ISLANDS.****BY THE REV. C. S. STEWART.**

HARRIET BRADFORD STEWART was born, on the 24th of June, 1798, near Stamford, Connecticut, at a residence to which her parents had but recently removed, from Stockbridge, Massachusetts.

Her father, Col. Tiffany, was an officer of the revolution, who served his country with patriotism and bravery during the struggle by which its independence was achieved; and her mother, a daughter of William Bradford Whiting, Esq., of Columbia county, New York. In the number of her ancestors are included some of the most excellent and most noted of the first settlers of New England;



WILLIAM SWANSON

THE MOSCOWY TO THE ...

THE ...

HARPER ...

THE ...

THE ...

THE ...

THE ...

THE ...

THE ...

THE ...

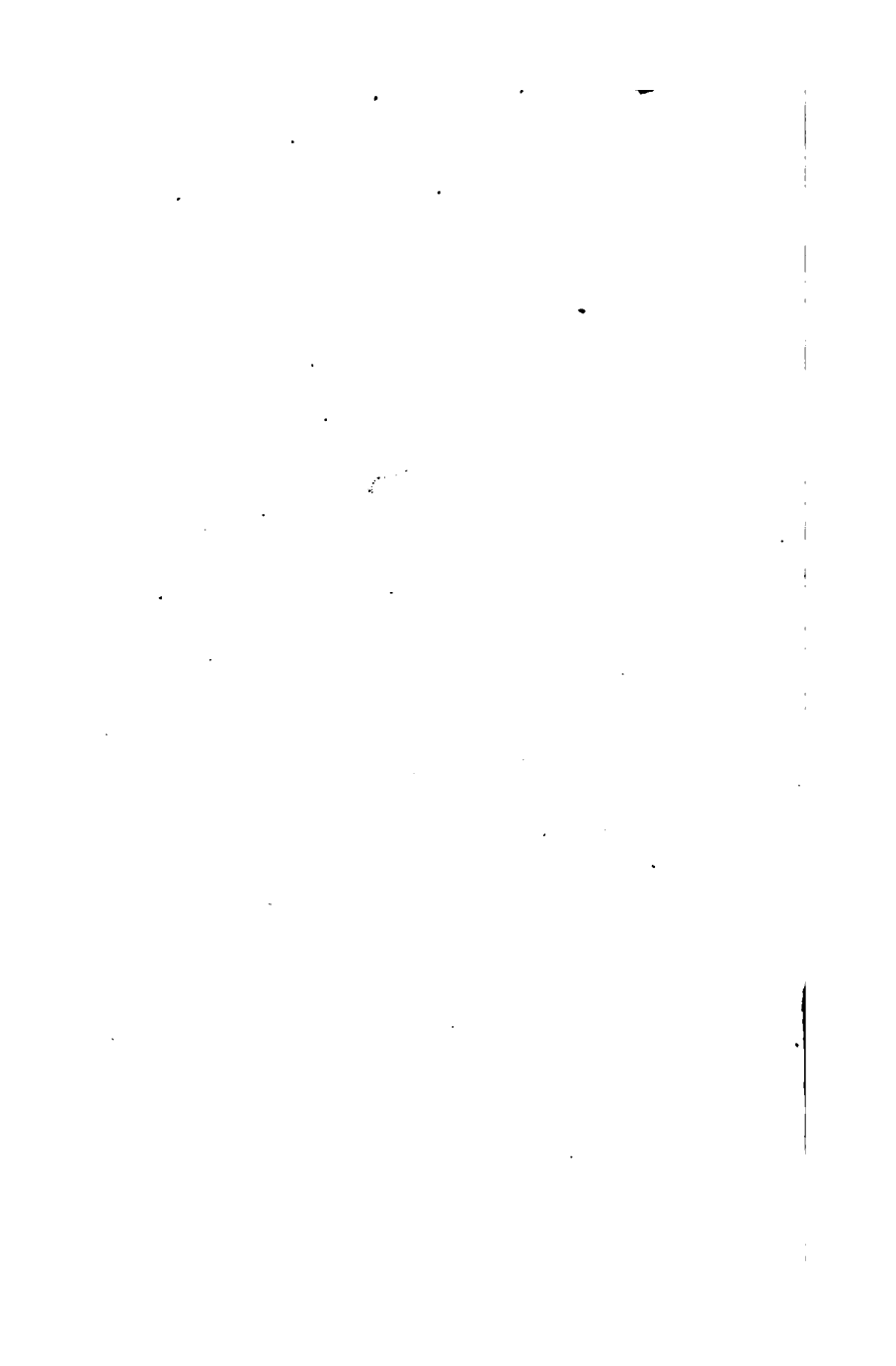


Charles G. Brown.

Engraver & Publisher.

Mrs. Stewart

p. 98



among others, the Rev. Samuel Whiting, a learned non-conforming clergyman of Oxford, in the early part of the seventeenth century, and first minister of Lynn, Massachusetts, in 1636; the Rev. John Lathrope, of London, who, with his church, was driven to the wilds of America, in 1634, by the persecution of Archbishop Laud; and the Honourable William Bradford, a distinguished leader of the pilgrims of Leyden, in 1620, and for more than thirty years afterwards, the governor and father of the colony of Plymouth.

The limits of this article oblige the writer to pass briefly over the early years of the individual whose life and character, as a missionary, are its subject. From her very birth, she appears to have possessed that "meek and quiet spirit, which is of great price." A winning sweetness of disposition, with lively sensibility and a warm heart, greatly endeared her to all around her; while the equanimity by which she was characterized, was such, that, though naturally of a sprightly and buoyant temperament, those most closely associated with her never knew her, it is said, at any period of her life to be, even for a

moment, in anger. Even in childhood, when subjected, at any time, by some trifling fault of inadvertance or thoughtlessness, to a word of reproof from those she loved, the only effect discoverable, on her gentle nature, was to be traced in the big tears gushing silently down her cheeks.

The spirit, thus moulded in meekness, was united to an exterior peculiarly pleasing, both in face and form. When a child she was in the habit, for a time, of passing a part of each summer at the springs of Lebanon; and many of the visitors, then regularly frequenting that watering place, retain a lasting impression of her loveliness at that time. The late Gouverneur Morris, of Morrisania, in particular, became much interested in her, and often spoke of her as presenting, at that period, one of the most perfect pictures of beautiful childhood he had ever seen.

She was endowed also with a good mind. The quickness with which she acquired knowledge; her docility and assiduity made her a favourite pupil with her instructors, and a successful scholar in every study to which she gave attention. With a playfulness of fancy bordering on

wit, in intercourse with her intimate friends, she possessed great readiness of apprehension and clearness of thought, and a correctness of judgment which, in her maturer years, was seldom known to be in error in its decisions.

Col. Tiffany died while this, his youngest, daughter was yet in early infancy; and, till sixteen years of age, she was chiefly under the care of an uncle by marriage, and father by adoption—a gentleman of the city of Albany, in whose family she was, for several years, an inmate. To the intelligence and parental guardianship of this relative, to the cultivated taste and polished mind of his lady, and the daily training in benevolence and piety, received beneath their roof, are to be attributed attractions, in their young charge, which gave additional charm to the sweet simplicity, forming a prominent feature in her character.

The marriage, in 1815, of an only sister, from whom she had mostly been separated from childhood, to Elihu Phinney, Esq. of Cooperstown, New York, led the subject of our sketch to make his house her after abode. Her widowed mother, also, soon

became permanently established in his residence; and, by the appointment of her brother, the Rev. F. T. Tiffany, to the rectorship of the Episcopal church in the same town, a greater number of her immediate family were brought into close association than had been the case, for any length of time in succession, since the death of Col. Tiffany, in 1800.

The valley of Otsego, in which Cooperstown is imbosomed, has been made classic ground, by the masterly pen of American genius. With its silvery lake and pine-clad mountains, it is one of those spots of wildness and beauty, which, while they strike the eye of the passing traveller with delight, fasten upon the heart of the resident with an enduring charm; and associated, as it became to her, with those nearest to her by blood, and the society of a circle of refined and cultivated friends, it was soon invested, in her warm affections, with all the hallowed attractions of home.

The two or three succeeding years were to her those of much temporal enjoyment. But the sunshine of earthly happiness seldom warms the heart into a love for God, or is made the means of converting the soul to his service. "Whom

the Lord loveth he chasteneth, and scourgeth every son whom he receiveth," is a truth which it was his pleasure should, now, be exemplified in the dispensations of his providence towards her; and, in the summer of 1819, she was brought, by a protracted and dangerous fever, to the borders of the grave. Though instructed from her earliest infancy in "the principles of the doctrines of Christ," and brought up after the "straitest sect" of religious profession, with bright examples around her in those she most loved, of a life of godliness in Christ Jesus, she had, till now, been persuaded to be only almost, and not altogether, spiritually and professedly, a Christian. That the whisperings of conscience, and the convictions of a mind enlightened by the knowledge of the truth, were not unknown to her, however, is evident from the following extract from a letter to her mother, written in her fifteenth year: "I am more and more convinced of the necessity of spiritual peace to the enjoyment of happiness even in this world. Your child, dear mamma, is a sinner—a sinner before God, whatever she may be in the sight of man. This my proud heart would

deny, if it could, but it cannot. Still the truth, that the curse of God resteth on all unbelievers, does not alarm me as I could wish it did. It is a fearful thing not to believe with a living faith; and, I trust, it is my desire no longer to live 'without hope and without God in the world.' I have made, and do make, many resolutions for good; but, I fear, not in faith; but trusting in my own strength, and with the view of working out a righteousness of my own. The pride of my heart is unwilling to accept of the free salvation of the gospel—a salvation without money and without price. I go to Christ, I fear, with my price in my hand; and, therefore, am not accepted of him. I know, dearest mamma, that I have your prayers, and those of my sister also. May a God of grace hear and answer them!"

The exercises of mind experienced during her illness, were similar to the feelings thus expressed five years previous. Though an example, in her whole character, of every thing "lovely and of good report," she was deeply sensible of the corruption of an evil heart of unbelief, and of the necessity of the "washing of regeneration and re-

newing of the Holy Ghost." Believing herself destitute of that faith which is "the gift of God," and which alone is unto salvation, though exhibiting in every look and word the resignation and meekness of a lamb, she could find no peace to her soul. The opening verses of Newton's hymn:

"The castle of the human heart,
Strong in its native sin," &c.

which she, at this time, often requested to be repeated to her, seemed, to herself, fully to illustrate her experience; though she could derive no consolation from a belief that the triumph of grace, as described in its closing lines, would also be realized in her case.

For weeks this continued to be her state of mind, while she was apparently sinking to the tomb. All hope of her recovery had been given up, and those who most loved her, were even watching for her last breath, when a favourable crisis occurred, and she was slowly restored to life and health. The clouds of spiritual darkness began, at the same time, to be dispersed: she was enabled "to believe with the heart unto righteousness," and soon made "confession with the mouth,"

as is believed, "unto salvation." While still confined to her chamber, she became united, by profession, to the church; and, immediately after being restored to her accustomed health, entered, with a cheerful zeal, upon the duties of an active and spiritual member of the household of faith.

The autumn of 1821, two years after this period, proved a momentous era in her life, by bringing with it a proposal of marriage from the Rev. C. S. Stewart, just then appointed, by the American Board of Foreign Missions, a missionary to the Sandwich Islands. For her views and feelings, on this subject, we will refer to her own writings. She was absent from Cooperstown at the time, and, at the close of a letter, thus communicates it to her mother:

"And now, dearest mamma, I have done, except to make known that which most particularly concerns myself and those dearest to me. The event so long anticipated by my acquaintances, and I may perhaps add, half expected by my best friends, has indeed taken place. I do not know that you will understand me, and will, therefore, be explicit, as I promised Mr. Stewart I would,

in stating to you the tender, which he has made to me, of his heart and hand. He would have written to you, himself, had I not requested him to permit me to break the subject to you. The only reply I could make was, that the acceptance of a proposal involving a lasting exile from you, dearest mamma, and from all my friends, must depend upon your approbation and blessing. I now place it in confidence before you, and will only add, that it demands a most serious and prayerful consideration."

To an intimate friend, from whom she received a letter upon this subject a short time afterwards, she thus writes: "Your letter made me exceedingly sober. While reading it I could, in some degree, realize how fearful the decision is which I am called to make. O! my dear friend, how much do I need advice—yet how unavailing to seek it except of God. To Him I do go, and on Him alone it is my wish to depend for guidance, in this most important event of my life. In myself I am shortsighted and blind, and know not, in any case, what is best even for my own good: how much, then, do I not now stand in need of the

kind and over-ruling direction of a Father of heavenly wisdom and grace. In him, I trust for strength and support, and, in casting my cares upon Him, find peace. I know that he will order all things well; and it is my earnest prayer that He will make my path of duty plain, and enable me to walk in it, whatever it may be, with a cheerful will.

“Had I only my own will to consult, a decision might soon be made; but I am suspicious of myself, and my very willingness makes me afraid. The heart I know to be deceitful, and, therefore, the more earnestly beseech, that a wise Providence may order the whole matter—that, if I go, it may be of God, and if I do not go, it may be for his glory and my own spiritual good.”

“The most formidable objection I perceive in myself is, a want of sufficient piety to sustain the soul, amidst the trials and temptations to which a missionary is necessarily exposed. Horne remarks, and no doubt justly, that the Christian whose grace might be sufficient to uphold him, in a land of gospel light and privileges, and while surrounded by the kindness of religious friends,

would, in all probability, if transplanted to a heathen country, and subjected to the numerous and unforeseen trials of a missionary's life, despond and despair—perhaps disgrace the cause he went forth to promote, if not ruin his own soul. The picture of such a case, as drawn by him, is truly appalling. I have reasoned myself, however, partly into a belief, that a female engaged in the appropriate duties of her sphere, and in communicating the great truths of the Bible to her own sex, would, under the protection and in the enjoyment of the society of a brother, or husband of piety, have less reason than others to fear such a result. Still, when I reflect upon the high object of a mission, the devotion of heart requisite for the work—think how great the undertaking, and how immense the responsibility, I can only exclaim, ‘O Lord, lead me! O Lord, guide me! preserve me from self deception, preserve me from my own heart!’ My dear friend, pray for me—pray that I may be wholly devoted to God, that my soul may be completely renewed and sanctified by his Spirit, and every wish entirely submissive to the divine will.”

The following extract is from a letter of nearly the same date: "Under existing circumstances, I am exceedingly anxious to return home, yet dread meeting the loved ones there, so many scenes of sorrow and anguish already crowd upon my imagination; I will not, however, anticipate clouds and gloom, but, as is my nature, will, for the present at least, look upon the sunny side. I am yet entirely ignorant of the feelings of my family, but am willing to abide by their decision. I am not certain even of dear mamma's views, on the subject of missions, in general. The warm benevolence of her nature is such, that, when the miseries of her fellow-creatures are known to her, she hesitates at no self-denial, nor sacrifice of personal feeling to impart relief; but to consign a child she most tenderly loves—and to whom, in common with her other children, she has been entirely devoted—to a life of privation, of suffering, and danger, and a thousand ills which unbidden present themselves to the imagination, will call into exercise her whole stock of piety. Happy will she be if her faith fail not!

"It has been my constant prayer, since this

subject has been in agitation, that the will of my Heavenly Father might be indicated by enabling her, through his grace, cheerfully to resign me to his disposal, and to consider it a privilege to do so, in the belief that God is present everywhere, and ever ready to shield and succour those who put their trust in him. This precious truth is to myself a great consolation, though the 'great adversary' of souls would, at times, frighten me altogether from such a stronghold, by reminding me of my sins, and suggesting thoughts of unbelief and despair—telling me that I shall be left to the wickedness of my own heart, which he knows would, to me, be the greatest of evils. My support, amidst a thousand discouragements of this kind, is the hope that these suggestions are but a device of satan to drive me from a confiding trust, in the providence and grace of God, and from the path of duty, and, by so doing, to destroy all hope of good to my own soul and of usefulness to the souls of others in the cause I love, and to which I would ever be devoted. Thanks be to God, there are times when, free from such fears, I feel that I could not only willingly, but joyfully, make

any sacrifice for the privilege of being, in the least, instrumental in hastening that happy day, when all shall know the Lord from the least to the greatest, and the whole earth be filled with his glory."

The decision of the momentous point in question, left with filial piety to the will, under God, of a widowed and venerated mother, proved to be that by which this tenderly cherished and beloved daughter was cheerfully surrendered, for life, to a distant and self-denying exile. This event is thus noticed by the subject of it, while still absent from home, under the date of January 4th, 1822 :

"I was delightfully surprised last night by a letter from my dear mamma. It is brief, but comprehensive and decisive in the cheerful acquiescence given, to what appears to her to be the will of God. In yielding this, she says, she is filled 'with strong emotions,' and wonders that the same bosom should be capable of entertaining, at the same moment, such 'stranger guests' as sorrow and joy."

Early after the receipt of this letter, Mrs. Stewart returned to Cooperstown, and thus writes from

that place: "The dreadfully distressing anticipations, I had suffered, of a meeting with my friends at home, had no reality in the event. They proved to be but 'the baseless fabrics' of a fearful and busy imagination. My own feelings were calm and subdued. I met none but cheerful faces, and heard nothing but comforting words; and with no external discouragement, either in opposing friends or deriding enemies, have cause for thankfulness only. My dearest mamma is happy, and often assures me that she feels no regret in view of the past, or in anticipation of the future. She believes that every thing in this matter has been well and wisely ordered. How truly wonderful are the ways of Providence, and how often are we led into them, by means, unsuspected, by ourselves. In reflecting upon my past life, the whole of it appears to me to have a bearing upon my present situation and prospects. Cowper's lines—

'God moves in a mysterious way,' &c.

are often on my lips, and in my heart."

At a later date, in answer to the inquiry of a friend, "How her mind was affected by the near

approach of a scene of trials," referring to the separation from her friends, "perhaps a life of them?" she says: "Just, at present, I must confess myself to be too much under the dominion of fancy. She rules my mind with the sceptre of a despot, and did I not occasionally awaken to the pleasing realities of home, and friends, and all the delights

‘And cultivated joys of ripe society,’

in a civilized and Christian country, I should imagine my exile already commenced; adieus and parting scenes, the ocean and its tempests, dangers and death, in a savage land, are so often flitting in shadowy forms before me. In view, however, of them all, I can say, ‘If the Lord forsake me not, I will fear no evil.’ In his strength, only, have I thus far stood, and in it alone do I expect, even for a moment, to continue to stand. Whatever of trial and affliction may be in reserve for me, if God take not his Holy Spirit from me, all will be well, and I be enabled to bless and praise Him in all, and for all. Clouds of darkness sometimes overshadow me, but they are soon dispelled by a ‘beam of the Sun of righteousness,’ by some kind

promise to those who trust in the Almighty, and hide themselves beneath the shadow of his wings, or, by the reflection that all my life, hitherto, I have been preserved and provided for, in an extraordinary manner, even while a rebel against grace, and at enmity with my Benefactor. And shall I now doubt? O no! I must not, and I cannot. I will hope in his mercy, leaving my future days a blank in his hands to be filled up at his pleasure. Whatever awaits me, may the language of my heart and of my life, as well as of my lips, ever be, 'Not my will, but thine, O Lord, be done.'"

Such was the spirit in which Mrs. Stewart consecrated herself to the missionary work, and such the spirit she ever manifested in it—a spirit of humble and confiding faith, and of cheerful and childlike submission to the dispensations of an Almighty Being of wisdom and mercy.

She was married to the Rev. Mr. Stewart, at Albany, by the Rev. Dr. Chester, June the 3d, 1822; and, shortly afterwards, in answer to a letter from J. Evarts, Esq., corresponding secretary, at that time, of the American Board, gives the follow-

ing brief history of her views and feelings, upon the subject of Foreign Missions :

“From the time I was enabled, through the grace of God, to devote myself in faith, as I trust, to the service of our dear Redeemer, the subject of missions to the heathen was one of interest to me. The circumstance, that so many individuals of piety should dedicate themselves exclusively to God, in missionary life, called forth my gratitude ; while the liberality of the church in providing the means of sending them forth, with the bread of life and waters of salvation to those who are perishing, was proof to me that God was, thus, sanctifying to himself, in the midst of us, ‘ a peculiar people, zealous of good works.’

“In common with other Christians, my thoughts and feelings, on this subject, were often aroused and called into lively action, by the reports of missionary societies, and by the tidings of joy from various heathen countries, borne to us of late years on almost every breeze. The possibility, however, of ever engaging myself, personally, in the work, never entered my mind, till reading Horne’s Letters on Missions, some eighteen months ago

The perusal of this little volume first led me to put the question to myself—‘ Could you, were it apparently your duty—could you forsake your widowed mother, your sister and brothers, your friends and country, with all the delights of refined and religious society, to promote the cause of Christ in the world?’ I was alarmed at the negative answer which my heart, in candour, gave, and suffered greatly from its opposition, till, thanks be to God, it was at last subdued into willingness, by a sense of the vileness of that ingratitude, which would refuse this sacrifice to Him who had done so much for me, and for millions, who, through the sinful supineness of Christians like myself, were left in utter ignorance equally of their doom as sinners, and of their dignity and high destiny as immortals, ‘bought with blood.’

“Do not, dear sir, understand from this, however, that it was ever my intention to place myself under the protection of the Board of Missions in any other way than I now do—as the wife of a missionary. Any qualifications for the work which I may possess, are not of that eminent cast that would justify me in such a measure. Even

in my present relation to the society, I consider my standing in the sight of men and angels, as one infinitely above any ability of my own rightly to fill ; but, the firm belief that it is appointed to me of God, supports and cheers me in it, and enables me to trust confidently in the promise, 'as thy day so shall thy strength be.' My own strength I know to be 'perfect weakness;' but, relying on the aid of that gracious Being who hath hitherto been my help, I will endeavour, both by precept and example, so to discharge my duties as to prove myself a fellow labourer, in this glorious cause, with my dear husband ; and in it, together with him, a co-worker with God."

The determination of a young female of intelligence, refinement, and loveliness, to devote herself to a life of such self-denial and sacrifice, excited a lively and lasting interest, in the subject of Foreign Missions, in extensive circles of society, previously indifferent, in a great degree to the Christian duty involved in them ; and, while her relatives and personal friends gathered round her with new affection and a double tenderness, the entire stranger, wherever she appeared, often met

her, only to part with the warmth of friendship, and a benediction of tears. The company of missionaries, some thirty in number, with whom Mr. and Mrs. Stewart were associated, embarked for their destination at the city of New Haven, Connecticut, on the 19th of November, 1822; and after a voyage of near six months, arrived safely at Honolulu, in Oahu, the principal port of the Sandwich Islands, on the 27th of April, 1823. Within a few days, they were temporarily established, in a native hut, on shore; and Mrs. Stewart, in closing a journal of the voyage, thus writes to her mother:

“Should this little manuscript ever reach my dearest mamma and sister, the weight of anxiety and fear, which, I know, has so long marred their enjoyment, will be removed by the time and place of this date. I am more and more confirmed in a determination to go forward where duty bids, even though clouds lower and storms threaten, leaving the disposal of particular events to Providence. Never was a creature more kindly dealt with, than I have been, through every circumstance of our voyage to the present moment.

“You will doubtless be anxious to learn my views and feelings, now, that I am actually on heathen ground. As these sheets must be closed immediately, for America, there is no time, at present, to satisfy you in this respect. But, if the assurance that I am most favourably and most happily disappointed in the people, and consider my situation as one in which I can not only be contented, but as one which is most desirable, will afford you any gratification, or console you for the absence and exile of your child, believe it, my dearest mamma, for it is actually and literally true. I would give any thing to secure to you a sight of the natives. I am so much more interested in them, by a personal knowledge, than I expected to be, that, believe me, I already feel that I could not leave them without the deepest regret.”

In a distribution of the missionaries to the different islands of the group, made shortly after their arrival, Mr. and Mrs. Stewart, associated with the Rev. Mr. Richards and his wife, were assigned to the island of Maui, the second in size and population of the whole number; and, within a month of their first landing, after a voyage of

three days from Oahu, took up their residence at Lahaina, in the midst of a population of twenty thousand uncivilized, and, entirely untutored, heathen. The worship of idols, it is true, had been abolished, here, by the authority of the king and chiefs three years before, as well as in the other islands of the group, but the natives in every other respect, in all their habits and entire condition, were ignorant, superstitious, and polluted pagans; and Mrs. Stewart, in common with her associates, found herself thus placed at once in circumstances to test the genuineness of the spirit and principles, which had led her to the enterprise, in which she had engaged.

The missionary establishment at Lahaina, was of the rudest kind. Situated on a bare sandbank, by the seaside, without shade or verdure, it consisted of a couple of small native huts, formed of a framework of poles fastened together by strings of wild vine, and covered, at the sides and ends, as well as on the roofs, with a rough thatch of coarse grass. Each contained a single apartment, the only floor of which was the ground, strewn with rushes and spread with mats of the native manu-

facture; and the only windows, holes two feet square cut in the sides, through the thatch. The furniture of each—chief articles of which were tables of deal, and a seat or two, made from the packing boxes of the voyage to supply the place of trunks and chests, at first used to sit upon and eat from—assimilated well with the simplicity and rudeness of their dwellings, while the food of the missionaries consisted principally of salt beef and pork, and shipbread, brought from America; with occasional presents from the chiefs of fish, a pig or kid, and such vegetables and fruits as the island then afforded.

Such was the habitation in a heathen land, such the accommodations of comfort, and such the table spread for her, whose life we are briefly tracing. But, rude and unaccustomed as these were to her, the sun, in his circuit, rose and set upon no brighter brow, nor more contented and cheerful heart. Providence, with marked kindness, had secured to her, before leaving the United States, a faithful assistant and humble friend in Betsey Stockton, a coloured female of education, intelligence, and piety, of Princeton, New Jersey, who, attaching

herself to Mr. Stewart's family, with the double purpose of relieving Mrs. Stewart from the more laborious parts of housekeeping, and of aiding her in her instructions in schools, proved to her a valuable aid in both respects, and a most devoted friend. Actively engaged, in assisting this worthy woman, in the domestic duties of the establishment—in successful efforts to acquire the language of the country, as yet scarce reduced to writing, and devoid both of vocabulary and grammar—in kindly intercourse with the chiefs and people, who daily thronged the mission houses—in teaching some of these the English language, and instructing others in the simple elements of their own tongue, and in showing the females, both chiefs and common people, the uses of the scissors and needle, week after week, and month after month glided rapidly away, with cheering and daily evidence to her of

"A useful life,
Progressive virtue, and approving Heaven."

The following brief extracts, from a journal kept for her mother, from the time of leaving America, will illustrate her views and feelings in reference

to the work in which she was engaged, and the light in which she viewed the people to whom she had gone, as a teacher of righteousness.

A letter dated January 1st, 1824, after a residence of nine months at Lahaina, contains the following extract: "I am truly happy; every thing in my situation and prospects combine to make me so. Indeed, so many and so satisfying are my mercies, that I, sometimes, fear that, like the rich man in the parable, my portion of good things will be allotted to me in this life. It is now fifteen months since I bade adieu to the dear valley which contains much, very much, that is most dear to me; but, since the day I parted from it, my spirits have been uniformly good. Sometimes, it is true, a cloud of tender recollections passes over me, obscuring for a moment my mental vision, and threatening a day of darkness; but it is seldom. And, as the returning sun, after a summer's shower spreads his beams over the retiring gloom of the heavens, and stretches abroad the shining arch of promise to cheer the face of nature, so, at such times, do the rays of the Sun

of righteousness speedily illumine the hopes of my soul, and fill my bosom with peace and joy."

On the evening of the succeeding Sabbath, January 4th, 1824, she thus writes: "Though not in the habit of recording events on this sacred day, the interesting transactions of the Sabbath just passed, are well worthy of being communicated to my dear mamma, to encourage her heart and hold up her hands for her dear, absent children. For a second time, since we have resided at Lahaina, we have to-day commemorated the dying love of the Lord Jesus, and spread his table in this spiritual wilderness. It was truly a season of enjoyment, such as I have seldom known, constraining me with the psalmist to exclaim, 'With my whole heart will I give thanks to thee, O Lord, *among the heathen*, and sing praises unto thy name!' Those who are 'dwellers in Zion' can hardly feel the force of that passage of the word of God. Could they have witnessed, as we this day have, the celebration of the ordinances of baptism and the Lord's supper by a little church of seven members, gathered from the extremes of the globe, surrounded by multitudes who are 'in the

region and shadow of death,' and the willing captives of sin, and have also known the satisfaction and peace which, as a river, filled our souls, they, with us, would have blessed the Lord for the light of truth and the knowledge of his word, graciously bestowed upon us."

With one additional extract, we will close these illustrations of the feelings and spirit which continued to influence and rule Mrs. Stewart, during her missionary life. Alluding to the departure, from the islands, of the Rev. Mr. Ellis, for England, as the only probable means of saving the life of Mrs. Ellis, she thus expresses herself, September 19th, 1824: "You know not the grief, that almost overwhelms us, at the prospect of losing our dear fellow-labourers; particularly at this juncture, when the natives are so manifestly beginning to love instruction, and to confide in their teachers, and when so much depends, humanely speaking, upon the improvement of the golden opportunity thus afforded for doing them good. But we know that the Ruler of the Universe does all things well; and believing that this event takes place at his will, most earnestly pray that his blessing

may rest upon it, and upon all concerned in it. We will, still, trust in the Lord, with the assurance that his tender mercies are over all his works. On dear Mrs. Ellis' account, we do most sincerely rejoice, and hope she may most fully reap every benefit wished and expected, from this visit to her native land. As for ourselves, my beloved friends, we are most contented and most happy, and rejoice that God has seen fit to honour and bless us, by permitting us to be the bearers of his light and truth to this dark corner of the earth. Could you once feel the same gladness that often fills our bosoms, in witnessing the happy influence of the gospel on the minds and hearts of many of these interesting creatures, you would be satisfied, yes, more than satisfied, that we should be *what we are, and where we are*—POOR MISSIONARIES, IN THE DISTANT ISLANDS OF THE SEA."

Till the month of March, 1825, Mrs. Stewart was in the enjoyment of the most perfect health; but, as was afterwards ascertained, over exertion, sometime previous, at a period of special illness in all the members of the station at Lahaina, excepting Mr. Richards and herself, laid the founda-

dation of a disease which, then, prostrated her upon a bed of languishing, and brought her, in a few weeks, to the very gates of death.

While she was in this state, H. B. M. Ship *Blonde*, under the command of the Right Honourable Lord Byron, visited the Sandwich Islands; and from this nobleman, and the officers of his frigate, Mrs. Stewart received the greatest attention and kindness. But, a voyage in the *Blonde* to the island of Hawaii, secured to her with great consideration by Lord Byron, and the change of air for a month, at Byron's Bay, while the frigate was refitting for sea, having produced no change in her health, at the imperative injunction of the surgeon of the ship, supported by the judgment of other medical men, it was determined, by the mission, to be the duty of Mr. Stewart to embark with his wife, by the first opportunity, for America, as the only means left of rescuing her from death. They, accordingly, sailed for their native country, by the way of England, in October, 1825, and arrived in London in April, 1826.

Repeatedly, during the voyage, the death of the subject of our remarks was momentarily looked

for; and, on reaching Great Britain she was still, as on leaving the islands, in the most helpless and precarious state. A crisis in her disease had, however, occurred, and she was so greatly benefited, by a residence of three months, in the hospitable mansions of the Rev. Mr. Walford, of Homerton College, Benjamin Adam, Esq. of Marshgate, in the same neighbourhood, and the family of the Rev. Mr. Reeve, missionary at Bellary, then in London, as to be able to undertake the voyage to the United States, in comparative health. She arrived at New York in August, 1826; and, on September 13th, after having been incapable of using her pen for near eighteen months, thus writes from the valley of Otsego, in the bosom of her family, and surrounded by her dearest friends:

“My present circumstances dispose me strongly to meditation, and lead me to exclaim in the language of the song of Moses and the Lamb, ‘Great and marvellous are thy works, Lord God Almighty: just and true are thy ways, thou King of saints!’ I can scarce realize that nearly five years have elapsed since I occupied this room, sat at this table, and oftentimes wrote to you from it.

The intervening period seems to me but a dream, from which I have just awakened; though, it has been eventful in its course to all, and to me in particular, been

‘Big with wonders.’

“That I am alive is a wonder; that I am in comfortable health, a wonder of wonders. It is almost by miracle that I have been rescued from the grave; and I can find no language, sufficiently strong, to express my sense of the grace and mercy that have followed me all my days. How mysterious, yet how merciful are the dealings of Providence! O! that in the rich grace of God those that are just past to me may, in all their results, be supremely blest to myself and all who take an interest in me. O! what reason have I, above all others, daily and hourly to call upon my soul, and all that is within me, to bless the Lord and praise his holy name! The sweet hymn,

‘Awake, my soul in joyful lays,’

is much in my heart and upon my lips,

‘He justly claims a song from me,
His loving kindness, O how free!’

How true!—and how happy for me, if enabled, ever to live in the warm and heartfelt remembrance of it.”

A first desire of Mrs. Stewart’s heart was to be restored to a degree of health, that would warrant a return, with her husband, to their chosen and interesting field of labour, in the Sandwich Islands. Notwithstanding all she had suffered, so far as her own will was concerned, she felt

“ No doubt
To give up friends again, and idol hopes,
And every tender tie that binds the heart
To home and country;”

but, the faculty were unanimously of the opinion that she could not, with impunity, return to a tropical climate; and both herself and husband were compelled, reluctantly, to relinquish the thought of being immediately engaged again on missionary ground.

The correctness of this judgment was, unhappily, too soon demonstrated by a return of disease, by which, in January, 1830, Mrs. Stewart was once more laid on a bed of suffering. For eight months, her spirit again vacillated between

life and death ; till, on the 6th of September following, patience having had her perfect work, with the most childlike and confiding trust in the grace and mercy of the gospel, she fell asleep in Jesus, and, as is confidently believed, through Him, entered upon the inheritance of **ETERNAL LIFE.**

THE MISSIONARY.

He stands amid his "household band,"
The loved ones of his youth,
Prepared to leave his native land,
A messenger of Truth.
Far, far away from scenes so dear
In distant climes to roam,
With no fond voice to soothe, or cheer—
To find, on earth, no home.

And trusting in his Saviour's power
The fainting to sustain,
He firmly stands in that dread hour,
That parting-hour of pain.
Yet anguish, passionless, but deep,
His bleeding spirit knew,
While to the loved, who, round him, weep,
He breathes a last adieu.

M

“Father, my friend and guide,
Thy charge is o’er.
The blest place at thy side,
Is mine, no more.
Thy love, thy tender care,
From childhood shown,
I may no longer share,
While far I roam.

Mother, thy voice so sweet,
I may not hear,
Its soft notes ne’er shall greet,
My list’ning ear.
Thy gentle smile, no more,
Shall, on me, shine,
O! earth can ne’er restore
Such love as thine!

Brother, we little knew,
In childhood’s years,
When manhood rose to view,
’Twas fraught with tears—
How, far from thee, blest friend,
Was cast my lot—

O till life's journey end,
Forget me not !

Sister, thy youthful heart,
So full of glee,
Can never more impart
Its bliss to me.
Thy joyous, winning tone
No more may cheer,
Light of our happy home,
I leave thee here.

Bright home, fair scenes, adieu !
I may not stay.
The Lord, the Faithful, True,
Calls me away.
He, He shall be my guide,
Till life is past,
Though earth may sever wide,
We'll meet, at last !"

And he went forth, to live and die,
Alone—O ! not alone.

Bright angels, joyful, from on high,
Around his pathway shone.
A Saviour's arm of mighty power
Encircled him around,
And, in each lone, desponding hour,
His presence sweet, was found.

He pour'd the blessed gospel's light
On many a darken'd mind,
And, faithful, sought, with promise bright,
The wounded heart to bind.
Till all life's labours calmly o'er,
He join'd the ransom'd throng,
The sever'd met, to part no more,
To swell heaven's rapturous song.

C.

PHILADELPHIA.

TALE OF ANCIENT ATHENS.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

"Lo, darkest hours wring forth the hidden might,
That hath lain bedded in the secret soul,
A treasure all undream'd of:—as the night
Calls forth the harmonies of streams that roll
Unheard by day."

MRS. HEMANS.

GREECE, after the wrath of Rome had swept over her, was like a temple which the earthquake had desecrated. That glory to which the world knelt, when her embryo conqueror clung to the wolf that nursed him, was despoiled, and in ruins. The iron hoof of war had crushed the acanthus-leaf from her proudest capitals. Yet the divinity had not forsaken the temple. A solitary lamp burned before its desolated shrine. The whisper of her

pure philosophy still drew disciples from distant regions, and the sons of her victor came as pilgrims, to worship beneath her consecrated shades.

At the period which we contemplate, Athens had arisen from her deepest shock of prostration. The intellectual and magnificent Adrian, had toiled to efface the ravages of his predecessors. The Antonines had combined to restore her fallen dignity. Many of her edifices were rebuilt, and her privileges restored. But the step of the Roman still made painful echo in her heart. Though reinstated in her seat of honour, she was as a mourner, who, recovering from the first tumult of grief, cherishes with melancholy fervour the image of the departed. She gazed on the hope that allured her, as the earth, all drooping from the deluge, beheld the rainbow on the cloud, remembering rather the bitterness of the waters, than the glorious seal of the promise of Deity.

Among the noble youths, who, by the study of the letters and arts of Greece, were attracted to her clime, was Ælius Marcellus, the nephew of Marcus Aurelius Antoninus, who then wore the imperial purple. For this only son of his only

and widowed sister, the emperor cherished a peculiar regard, and this regard was justified by the virtues which he early exhibited.

Marcus Aurelius, who had imbibed his own intense love of philosophy from the instruction of Grecian sages, had decided that the mind of his favourite relative should be enriched by the same lore gathered in its native soil, and overruled the reluctance of his sister to a separation from her son. It was an autumnal evening, when *Ælius Marcellus* first entered Athens. A liquid moonlight bathed her towers, and heightened, like the veil of the bride, the beauty of her statuary. But the young stranger contemplated with a feeling like disappointment, that melancholy symmetry. He turned dissatisfied even from the Acropolis, and the Parthenon, with their coronet of moonbeams, and sought some counterpart for the Coliseum, some substitute for those ranges of patrician palaces, which, since the time of Augustus, had given gorgeousness to the Eternal City. Patriotism and pride swelled his bosom as his thoughts recurred to Rome, pourtraying her as she lay that night in her queenly repose, conscious that at her

wakening, the world would be at her feet. Such were his feelings as he looked on Athens in the garb of autumn. Yet the young vernal moon had scarcely filled her horn, ere a change stole over his spirit. No longer he trod those streets with the haughty consciousness of being one of the masters of the world. The solemn beauty of fallen Greece, the antiquity of her lore, softened and subdued him. Yielding to the enchantment of her eloquence, who breathed her antique history on the harp, he made the pages of Herodotus, the companion of his pillow, or inhaled the sweetness of the Doric muse amid the murmurings of Ilissus. But most, the enthusiasm of philosophy, stole into, and ruled his soul. He communed with the shade of Plato, as with a visible friend, in those gardens where his voice still lingered like an imprisoned melody. The sculpture which he had once passed with indifference, now stood forth in severe sublimity, the sad and silent statues seemed to beckon and commune with him, till he felt that it was better to sigh in Athens, than to reign in Rome. The new atmosphere breathed on him like magic, enkindling as it were, within him, a new existence,

Yet was it not solely the atmosphere of Greece, nor the exquisite symmetry of her architecture, nor the charm of her language, nor the ideal presence of her sages, that enchained the heart of the young Roman. The touch of pity, and the breathings of philosophy, prepared it for another habitant. Love had been to it like the angel at the pool of Bethesda, and its troubled fountains were gushing upwards with untasted waters. His favourite instructor in philosophy was Demetrius, a follower of Plato. He possessed a serene, contemplative character, and an innate eloquence which delighted his intellectual and ardent disciple. The liberality of the Antonines, had placed the teachers of philosophy beyond the reach of want. Their restricted finances no longer justified the caustic reply of Diogenes to the question, "Why philosophers followed rich men, and not rich men philosophers?" "Because one know what they have need of, and the others do not."

The house of Demetrius was adorned with taste, and Ælius Marcellus was there a distinguished guest. He was pleased to study the manners of the sage in his own home, and to perceive how

beautifully they confirmed the theory of their common master, that "happiness is the fruit of virtue." He could not but remark how the spirit of Attic grace, modified even the most common household utensils. The lamps, the pitchers, the vases, illustrated the taste of Pericles. The very slave, who bore on his head a basket of grapes, the young female, who presented the ewer of water for ablution, gave the rudiment of those attitudes, which guided the chisel of Phidias. Then, the Roman learned that the nation which would be perfect in the arts, must take the graces home to its hearthstone, and make for them a place at its board, an indwelling amid its domestic sanctities.

But the most exquisite specimen of grace in the household of the philosopher, was a maiden of the noblest blood of Athens, who, by the affliction of orphanage, had passed under his protection. She, with an infant sister, had been bequeathed by their parents, to the charge of Demetrius, a distant relative, and a friend in whom such high confidence was wisely reposed. Over the fortune of the orphans, which was considerable, he exer-

cised a paternal care, and they entwined around his aged heart, like the ivy, covering it with the fresh green of hope.

Myrtis was one of those beautiful creations which fancy sometimes forms, when her reverie has been among seraphs. Her sylphlike step, her smile imparting happiness, without seeming to expect it again; her manner, gentle almost to pensiveness, finely accorded with features formed on the most perfect Grecian model, with a complexion transparent as light, and eyes often downcast, but never raised, and quickened by speech, without interesting or affecting the beholder. Unoccupied with self, and ever seeking to promote the enjoyment of others, she evinced gratitude to her protector by the most affectionate deportment, by skill in the arrangement of his household, and attention to the comfort of his guests.

But it was more particularly in intercourse with her little sister, the sole surviving scion of their ancient house, that the fulness of her soul was poured forth. To enrich her unfolding mind with the treasures of knowledge, to fashion her docile dispositions, to supply to her the place of the mo-

ther who had died at her birth, seemed the highest efforts, and purest pleasures of her existence. It was this sweet illustration of the sisterly virtues, which, more than any symmetry of form or feature, won the heart of the young Roman. He had, indeed, admired her exquisite beauty, but he had been familiar with the lineaments of glorious beauty, among the patrician daughters of Rome. It was not till the grace of a lovely and sublime spirit looked through it, and gave life to it, that he felt it to be irresistible. He saw her toiling with an eye full of ardour, to simplify and adapt the precepts of wisdom to the comprehension of a child of eight summers, or cheering her to playfulness with music, or, with a mixture of maternal pride, wreathing fresh vine-leaves among her luxuriant, golden curls.

It was thus that *Ælius Marcellus*, the favoured relative of an emperor, the unmoved idol of the more ambitious beauties of Rome, became the willing captive of an artless Athenian maiden. His letters to his mother, gradually assumed the colouring of the image that absorbed him. If he began a synopsis of the lectures of the philoso-

phers, it suddenly diverged to Myrtis; his praise of the perfect language of Greece, took the name of Myrtis as a keystone; and if he attempted a description of that architecture, which the world will never be too old to admire, it was transformed into an encomium on Myrtis.

He was surprised at the ease, with which his thoughts arrayed themselves in a Grecian garb. Conversations with Myrtis, in which he was as frequently indulged as the somewhat reserved customs of Athens admitted, untwisted the idiom of a foreign dialect, and taught it to "run smoothly o'er the lip," as the accents which a mother softens for her babe. And apart from the necromancy of love, he who would so conquer the difficulties of a new language as to speak it with fluency and grace, should seek the society of educated females; for with them is the colloquial affluence of their mother-tongue, and the clue that most readily guides a stranger through its labyrinthine refinements.

While Ælius Marcellus was sounding the depths of a passion, which as yet his lips uttered not, she who inspired it had not even advanced so

far as to assign its true name. All her life she had been sighing for a brother. She supposed herself to have found one. In the loneliness of early childhood, and amid the sorrows of orphanage, she had painted fraternal intercourse as the fulness of bliss. She believed, in her crystal singleness of heart, that her new happiness sprang from this adopted relationship, and rejoiced to see the little Alethea greet their brother, at every interview, with the overflowing warmth of an affectionate heart.

One evening *Ælius Marcellus* entered with a troubled countenance. He had received tidings of the dangerous, perhaps, fatal illness of his mother. Tears started to the eyes of *Myrtis*. Memory turned to the death-bed of her own parents, and her sympathies were strongly moved. The young Roman added that his immediate return was required, and that the period of his absence from his studies in Athens was uncertain, and might be protracted. Tears from a deeper source gushed, and blushes of a stronger tint than the maiden had yet known, suffused both cheek and brow, at finding herself addressed by a fonder name than that

of sister, and at feeling that it awoke a true echo in her heart.

The discoveries of that parting hour, were priceless and indelible. Yet to describe love scenes, is but a losing office. He who attempts it, is unwise. For the dialect of love, counting speech impotent, is especially enervated on paper. It is, as if light, in its subtle transmission, should be intercepted by the stammerings of sound. Love scorning so slow a medium as language, except the eye be interpreter, is indignant at the tardier ministry of the pen. The words of lovers dilated upon the dead page, are like the locks of Samson shorn of their strength, and deprived of their talisman.

Yet in the few tones of that Athenian maiden, when her heart first awoke to self-knowledge and to reciprocity, there was a treasure which her lover felt the world would be too poor to purchase. It was with him, on his journeyings, as a spell, annihilating distance and neutralizing fatigue; and he best loved the lonely valleys where he might commune with it unheard; and the hermit cell by

night, that he might invoke it as the tutelary goddess of his repose.

He arrived at the Eternal City, as one who had travelled on the wing of dreams. His mother, the noble Annia Cornificia, lay in the last stages of a fatal disease. She had caused it to be concealed from her son, as long as hope remained, and summoned him only to receive her parting counsels and benedictions. Yet the declining flame of life, revivifying and feeding on its affections, she lingered for a time on the verge of the grave, cheered by the kind attentions and filial piety of her earthly idol. He past almost his whole time by her bedside, striving to assuage her sufferings, and receiving, when she was able, her directions respecting the fortune which had been intrusted by his father to her care. The emperor, whose presence in her last extremity she greatly desired, had been long absent from Rome, engaged in quelling a rebellion of the Quadi and Marcomani.

While these mournful duties occupied Ælius Marcellus, there remained with the bereaved Myrtis an interminable void. He whom she had long loved as a brother, and more than a brother,

without being conscious of it, whom she had just permitted herself to regard as the dearest of all earthly objects, seemed to have taken away with him the life of life. Demetrius, prizing him as a scholar and a friend, and the affectionate Alethea were incessantly talking of him; while she, whose heart was most interested, seldom trusted her voice with the utterance of his name. There was, about his image, a sacredness which she reserved for the hours of solitary meditation, when she might embalm it with such tears as do not cover the face. Yet that chymistry in which the most perfectly balanced mind are the best adepts, gradually taught her that the duties of benevolence contain a balm for sorrow. She sought out with increased zeal the poor and afflicted, and in distributing consolation, derived comfort. Among her pensioners was an aged man, who had held in her father's household, the rank of steward. His intelligence and fidelity caused him to be considered by her parents, less as a servant than a friend, and his grateful attachment was unbounded. He was now, in his childless age, the inmate of a small house connected with the garden

of Demetrius, where it was convenient for Myrtis daily to visit him, and to cheer the languor of his decline. Her attentions to this lonely and worthy retainer now redoubled, as it became obvious that his span of life rapidly decreased.

"Myrtis, I am not well pleased," said the little Alethea, "that you sometimes go to see poor Proclus without me, and that you stay so long. I love him as much as you do. And what is that book which I wake at midnight and find you reading? and why do you hide it so carefully away? Sister, sister, you never used to have secrets from me. And now, that our brother is gone, you ought to be kinder to me than ever, and not begin to shut me out of your heart."

Myrtis hastened to reassure the little trusting being, and reproached herself that she should ever have grieved her, for she found that in her dreams she sometimes convulsively sobbed out complaints, mingled with the name of Proclus.

One morning the sound of heavy steps was heard advancing towards the inner apartment, and Demetrius entered, with more of agitation than his calm philosophy and still calmer nature were wont

to indulge. Following him, was the proconsul of Athens, to whom he said in hurried tones :

“ Will there never be an end of slanders ? This is the noble maiden whom you so unjustly asperse. Is it necessary that here, in the very home of her protector, she be insulted by the question, whether she be a Christian ? ”

“ There needs not this clamour,” replied the proconsul. “ It is sufficient if the lady simply indicates whether she will sacrifice to the gods.”

“ What an indignity is this doubt of her piety ! Think you she could be thus faithless to her long line of ancestors, to her teachers, to herself—and adopt an odious heresy which is but of yesterday ? Myrtis,—daughter, will it please you by a single word to dismiss the proconsul ? ”

Thus invoked, the maiden arose. Her slight, but perfect figure seemed to assume new height and majesty. There was no fading of lip or cheek, as she firmly pronounced, “ *I am a Christian.* ”

The philosopher stood as if the blast of heaven had dried up his spirits. He listened, gasping, for some recantation. He feared to speak, lest

there might be a repetition of those fearful words. In his agony he fell prostrate and powerless, and the proconsul, with a glance of triumph and of scorn, departed. Newly clothed with his authority, he was eager to turn it to the best advantage. The single, prominent blemish in the character of Marcus Aurelius, was severity to the Christians. Mild and forbearing to all beside, he seemed to concentrate the whole bitterness of the Portico, only that he might pour it upon the Cross. The governors of the subjugated provinces, found the most direct road to his favour lay through the persecution and punishment of that sect, which was "everywhere spoken against." The new proconsul, a bold man, and a bad, was neither insensible to this ambition, or averse from the machinery which it involved.

Our next scene is in the prison at Athens. It was thronged with habitants. In one of its cells was a fair young creature, and a child ever near her; inseparable as the shadow from the substance. Near them was often seen a hoary-headed philosopher, whose "beard descending, swept his aged breast." He came with early morn, and late

departed. Incessantly he argued of the antiquity and omnipotence of the gods of Greece, and condemned the madness of those who followed the crucified. But the beautiful being whom he addressed, spake with a gentle yet clear voice, of the hope that was in her, or read to him from a hallowed page in which was the reason of that hope; and every evening he bade farewell with a paler and more troubled brow.

One day he announced to her that he had obtained permission, though not without difficulty, that she should visit the cell of Proclus, for age and sickness had been no protection against his being torn from his humble home, and subjected to the rigours of imprisonment. Breathing gratitude for a liberty so long sought in vain, she took the hand of Alethea and followed Demetrius, and the guard who accompanied him.

The old man lay on a little straw, in the corner of his narrow cell. His eye dim with the gloom of the prison, and with a deeper darkness which had begun to settle upon it, saw not who approached him. But those sweet, low tones that

he loved, called back the lifetide to his marble features.

“Art thou here, angel of mercy? Once more art thou by the side of the poor, old man, thou who art so soon to be an angel indeed? Often since I have lain here, have I wept to think that in the beauty and flush of life thou must be cut off. But it was a thought of earth. I ought to have remembered and given thanks, as I now do, for the portion that awaits thee, for the ‘blessing, and the glory, and the honour, and the eternal life.’”

“Bless me, also, good Proclus,” said Alethea. “I too am standing by thy bed. I read in the book of the true God with Myrtis, and she teaches me to worship him.”

“Ah! art thou here, youngest scion of my master’s house? What a doom for thee, thou lamb reared in green pastures, beside the still waters. I pray thee come nearer, that I may lay my hand on thy head, and name over thee the name of Jesus. Who will raise this dead hand for me, and lay it among the curls of that darling, whose wel-

come to this sad life, was the bosom of a dying mother."

"Blessed saint," said Myrtis, "from whom I first heard the hope of immortality, how can I comfort thy soul in its passage? Shall I read for thee from the book of our faith, or sing a hymn to the Redeemer?"

"Fain would I listen to thy voice," said the dying man, "for it is melody. But now I may not stay. They call me. My soul exults. I come. Is there yet one drop of water, sweet one? The last want of this poor clay. Moisten my parched lips, that I may go with singing unto Him who loved me, and gave himself for me."

And with a faintly warbled strain of praise, the soul of that old man went upward.

The mind of Myrtis was prepared by its own structure, as well as by its high culture, for a more consistent belief than the mythology of her country afforded. The very philosophy, by which it had been refined, taught it to seek for some more stable foundation. Her simple and severe rectitude was confused by the countless deities naturalized at Athens, where it was said to have

been "easier to find a *god* than a *man*." Her purity revolted from the rights of

"Gods partial, changeful, passionate, unjust,
Whose attributes were rage, revenge, or lust."

Plato led her to the gate of truth, and taught her to breathe the pure atmosphere that surrounded it; a humbler hand was appointed to open that gate for her, and light and radiance flowed through its portals, and she became a worshipper.

By the bedside of the lowly retainer of her family, where she went in the ministry of her accustomed benevolence, she was first initiated into the rudiments of Christianity, and received a gift of inestimable value, a copy of the Sacred Scriptures. This was her daily study. The faith which she derived from it, she received in humility, and was ready to maintain with fortitude. Yet martyrdom, which holy men had coveted as a crown, and enthusiastic devotion might sometimes too eagerly have snatched, was not, to her gentle spirit, an object of ambition. To renounce life, just as a newly admitted love had given it the colouring of Eden, could not be desired. Her

young heart given to the noble Marcellus, his heart, beating as it were, in her bosom, she weighed for him and for her, the claims of this world and the next; and her constant supplication amid her prison solitude, was, that her Father in heaven would reveal her duty, and gird a feeble creature to unswerving obedience.

Once, while the philosopher sat gazing in silent affliction upon the sisters, the massy bolts of the prison were suddenly withdrawn, and Ælius Marcellus entered. Astonishment, dismay, and indignation hurried over his noble features for a moment, but love, like the lightning flash, dispersed all their cloudy symbols. Myrtis vainly strove to give utterance to the emotions that oppressed her. Sensation forsook her, and her brow, paler than marble, drooped over her lover's shoulder. But the deadly faintness was short. The long fringes of her dark eyes unclosed, and a tint, like the young rose-leaf, started to her cheek, still deepening and spreading, till the very snows of her temples caught its trembling suffusion. Then, in tones like the varied melody of a fresh-tuned lute, she hastened to relieve his anxiety, whose breath

seemed to depend upon her own, and to cheer the bewildered spirits of her sister and their foster-father. Supported by Ælius Marcellus, and with Alethea seated at her feet, a conversation of the deepest interest commenced.

The philosopher felt the kindlings of a hope to which he had been long a stranger. The agitation of Myrtis, who, amid all other remonstrances, had remained serene and passionless, proved to him the omnipotence of her love. Retiring to the extremity of the cell, he enveloped his head in his garment, and prepared, by an elaborate orison to Minerva, to accelerate the victory which his sagacity foresaw. Notwithstanding the fervour of his devotions, the accents of the speakers sometimes arrested his attention, or lingered upon his ear. The tones of the Roman were at first as one who complains, or perhaps contends, but with the consciousness of wearing invincible armour. The response was tender and subdued, yet musical as the wind-harp, swept by the "sweet south-west." Then there was a tide of manly eloquence, rushing like a river, which surmounts every barrier when the spring rains have swollen it. "For my

sake—for my sake,” seemed the burden of every argument, and it was echoed in the sobbing of a child, “For my sake, dearest sister.” Demetrius blessed the youth in his aged heart, and began a prayer of thanksgiving to Pallas, with vows of a costly libation. At length the Roman was silent, and supposing him to have destroyed the last defences of that stubborn faith, which all the armour of philosophy had assailed in vain, he removed the robe from his face and looked up.

But the evidence of the eye, overthrew the exultation which the more obtuse ear had fostered. She whom he had so long pictured to himself as the listener, convinced, confuted, repentant, was speaking with an upraised, soul-lighted eye. He knew that it was not of earth that she spoke, for such holiness, as of a seraph, would not then have settled upon her countenance. Her hand rested upon the open page of a book, which she had drawn from her bosom. Every trace of earthly passion had faded from her features, and her whole soul seemed to pour itself forth as an essence of truth and power, and such love, as hath root fast by the throne of God.

The young Roman leaned his head upon his hands, with every lineament of entranced attention. Deep sighs burst from his bosom, like the dividing of the soul from its terrestrial companionship. The maiden bending tenderly towards him, pointed on the page which she held, to the words, "I am the resurrection, and the life." He covered his eyes with his hands, but the tears gushed through his fingers, like those great rain-drops which herald the tempest. Starting from his seat, he strained her in one short, agonized embrace, and rushed from the cell. The philosopher hastened after him, amazed at such abruptness, yet dreading to decipher the cause.

"Sister, dear sister," said Alethea, clinging round the neck of Myrtis, "Ælius Marcellus will return no more. I know it. His heart is broken. But I will never leave you. No, we will die together;" and she sobbed out her deep love, as the nursling pours its griefs into a mother's bosom.

"Alethea, beloved one, go forth and breathe the fresh air. A prison cell suits ill with the free spirit of childhood. The flush is fading from your

cheek, and your fair flesh wastes away ;” and she folded the dovelike child in her arms.

“Myrtis, I do not wish to go. The gardens are changed. Your voice is no longer there. The turf is neither green nor beautiful. The Oleanders do not look as they once did, and my white Cyclamen seems to have a tear in its eye, as it puts forth its feeble buds.”

“Little Alethea, Demetrius will lead you to see how our birds fare, and our bees. You shall bring me word again. The comfort of the humblest insect that God has made, should be dear to us. In the health and industry of those innocent creatures, you shall once more be glad. I will leave them to your care ; and my amaranths.”

The fair child kneeled by her sister, and hid her face in her lap. She was silent for a few minutes. Then raising her head, she said, calmly and solemnly :

“Speak no more to me of the charge of birds, and bees, and flowers. I shall die with you. Never more will I press you to live, and cease to be a Christian. For now I know that it gives you pain. I love the same Jesus Christ that you love.

Tell me more of him, that I may love him better. Then, when I stand up to die with you, I shall wear the same holy smile, that makes your brow so beautiful, when you kneel and pray for me."

It has been mentioned that the Emperor Marcus Aurelius, was engaged in wars with the Quadi and Marcomani. They involved a long absence from Rome, and many hardships. The barbarians succeeded in shutting him up between the mountains and themselves. The heat of summer, the privations of an uncultivated region, and the most distressing thirst, annoyed and discouraged his army. Forced, under these adverse circumstances, to meet the enemy, the Roman cohorts might have whitened with their bones the wilds of Germany, and scarce a survivor have escaped to tell their fate. But a rain, which fell on the very verge of battle, and which the famishing soldiers caught in their helmets, and in the hollow of their shields, so invigorated them, while the tempest that followed, with thunder and lightning, so terrified the barbarians, that victory declared for those, who, but a moment before, seemed ready to yield without a struggle.

At evening the emperor sat in his tent, revolving the wonderful deliverance of the day, and thanking the gods to whose interposition he ascribed it. He mused, also, upon the evils of war, which drew him from his palace and his people, to do deeds from which his better nature revolted, and to forego that philosophical retirement which declining years rendered still more dear. The reverie was disturbed by tidings that a young Roman, apparently charged with urgent despatches, claimed admission to the imperial presence.

The next moment Ælius Marcellus was at his feet. After salutations of surprise and reverence, he received permission to unfold the cause for which he had thus dared long travel, and an enemy's land. As he proceeded, the brow of the emperor grew stern and darkened.

"Would that thy first mediation had not been for one of that race, whom duty to the gods requires me to humble, perhaps to extirpate. A Christian maiden! what has she to do with the son of the noble Marcellus, the nephew of the emperor of Rome?"

Again he listened to the suppliant, till his lofty

forehead lost its painful contraction, and his classic features resumed their native cast of contemplative thought.

“The Christians have ever been represented to me as disaffected to our laws, and leaders of tumult and rebellion. Yet I am not ignorant that there are in my army, some of their soldiers who have done good service in this very war. To-day, they knelt upon the field of battle, and prayed their God for succour, when the elements came to our rescue, and heaven’s thunderbolts discomfited the barbarians. My heart moves me to be just to them. Thou knowest that I seek to show justice to all men. What is thy petition?”

“A mandate to the proconsul of Athens, overruling this doom of death, which he purposes to inflict.”

“Yet by my decree, have the governors of the provinces oft-times punished the Christians. How shall this discrepancy be reconciled?”

“Thy noble and just nature has been deceived by the falsehood of those who hold the Christians in abhorrence, or by their avarice coveting the gains of confiscation. If they have now proved

themselves faithful in camps, and brave amid the worst disasters of war, an emperor so generous to foes, will not surely withhold from his own soldiers the approval due to them, and honourable to himself."

Marcus Aurelius paced the tent in silence and agitation. Then fixing on his nephew eyes that seemed to read the soul, he said, "Art *thou* a Christian?"

Colour rushed to the brow of the young man, as he half indignantly replied,

"No. I have never abjured the gods of Rome. At my last interview with her, for whose sake I thus venture to implore thee, I sought vehemently to draw her from what I deemed delusion and madness. But I love that maiden better than my own soul. If she must perish, trample, I pray thee, on my life also, as on a rootless weed, for henceforth I am nothing to Rome, or to thee."

The emperor, still hesitating, murmured half audibly, half in self-communion :

"Did I not sanction the doom of Polycarp, and of Dionysius, and of the multitudes whose blood saturated the valleys of Gaul?"

Marcellus, pressing his hand in both of his, exclaimed :

“ If an old man, weary of life, took only one step toward his grave,—if an enthusiast greeting martyrdom as the crown of earthly glory, eagerly seized that crown,—if those who were represented to thee as ripe for insurrection, and subverters of the gods of our nation, have shed their blood,—what then ? Canst thou restore it ? But a maiden, nurtured in simplicity and in philosophy, no troubler of thy realm, no sower of sedition, must she be sacrificed because she hath drawn secretly into her bosom some form of faith, which to her purity seems more pure ? Have I said that she is the daughter of one who was honoured as the munificent patron of philosophers, the friend of Rome ? Have I said that insolence dared to outrage the domestic sanctuary, and drive her thence in her beauty and innocence to such a prison as felons share ? Let her look in her desolate orphanage to thee, as her protector from such tyranny.”

The emperor regarded him, as he ceased to speak, with deep and tender attention. He scanned his haggard eye, and the marks of rugged

travel that he bore. The sympathies of kindred wrought strongly within him.

"My son, since last we met, the soul of thy mother hath been summoned to the eternal gods. She was my only sister—dear to me from the cradle. Her love shall be thine. Even now her voice pleads within my heart for thee. Not in vain shall be thy perilous appeal for this Grecian maiden."

He traced a few lines, and gave them, folded, into the hand of the youth :

"This will suspend all executions of Christians, on account of their faith, until my arrival in Athens, for I purpose to visit that illustrious city ere I return to Rome."

"Emperor! Father! yet more to me than either father or emperor! Representative of the mercy of the heavens! how shall I give vent to my eternal gratitude!"

"Go to thy rest, my son, for thou art sore wearied. In the morning I will confer with thee of the philosophy of Greece. It will refresh my spirit under the toils and burdens of this war."

"Forgive me," said the youth, embracing his

knees. "I may not tarry for a night. Sleep is a stranger to my eyelids. Even the moment in which I so vainly strive to thank thy goodness, may frustrate the very purpose of that goodness."

The lip of the emperor trembled. Scarcely had he articulated, "The blessing of the holy gods be with thee," ere the flying tramp of a departing steed was heard, though the storm still raged, and the darkness of midnight overspread the landscape.

The summer sun lay bright and broad upon Athens. Footsteps hurried through the streets, and the low murmur of suppressed voices was heard from a spot where the dense throng congregated. Preparations were seen for the extinction of life; and the fatal pile, rising here and there, bore witness that this extinction was to be through the torturing agency of fire. Individuals of various ages composed the band who were sentenced to look that day, for the last time, on the green earth, and fair sky of their nativity. There the hoary-headed man came to give the remnant of his life joyfully away; and the delicate female, made strong by the faith of her Redeemer, stood forth a

spectacle to men, and to angels. Amid all the softening influences of nature and of art, the same spirit was dominant which adjudged Socrates to the hemlock; and it was enraged to find that neither threat or torture, could intimidate those whom it had marked for its prey. Still a semblance of justice and moderation was preserved. Opportunity was offered to each of the victims to sacrifice to the gods, arguments to persuade recantation were adduced, and reluctance affected to inflict the doom, which multitudes had assembled to witness. The alternative was refused by every Christian. Death, rather than defection, was nobly welcomed.

Then there was a moment of awful silence. It was broken by sounds strangely sweet. The hymn of the martyrs. Its prelude was tender, almost tremulous, as of souls spreading a timid wing over the crushing of their clay casket, fragile and beloved. But then it swelled into fuller chorus, a glorious tide of harmony, as if angels from the open gates of heaven took up the melody, and made it a song of triumph.

The listeners were appalled. Those who con-

ducted the execution, dreading a revulsion of public feeling, strove, by the clamour of martial instruments, to interrupt that solemn, unearthly music. Among the little band of martyrs was one, on whom the universal gaze settled. Youth, and a beauty rendered more exquisite by seclusion from crowds, were suddenly exposed to the rude glare of the multitude. By the side of the maiden stood an ancient philosopher, wasted to a skeleton, a mute effigy of powerless sorrow. Claspings her hands, was a fair child, whose exuberant curls partially shaded a face, ever raised upwards to the object of its love, as if from thence it derived breath and being.

The time had arrived when the victims must be bound to the stake. Orders were given that the child should be removed. But embracing her sister, with a convulsive grasp, she declared her determination that nothing should separate them. The martyr soothed her in low tones, and strove gently to put her hand into that of the philosopher. But in vain. She clung to her as the clay to the struggling spirit, when death summons it to be

free. A murmur of sympathy ran through the populace. The proconsul approached.

"Maiden, art thou so rashly bent upon death, that nothing can annul thy choice? Have all the joys of life no weight with one so beautiful?"

"Speak not to me of the alternative by which life is purchased. Am I again to repeat the assurance that I will never deny my Saviour?"

"Then bid farewell to this child. Or is it thy pleasure that she make trial of the flame?"

The martyr bowed down and clasped her soul's darling in one long embrace. She pressed her lips to hers as if she fain would breathe there her last breath. As she withdrew them, she said gently, but firmly:

"Dearest, go now to our father Demetrius. If we both leave him, he will die comfortless; he who has for so many years been father and mother to us. Go cheer his aged heart. This is your duty. Be a daughter to him. Remember my last message to your brother, to Ælius Marcellus. And now, little sister, farewell. We shall meet again. There is a place for you in heaven. I will watch over you, and welcome you there."

Her words fell unheeded. The lips and forehead of the child were cold, but the pressure of her embrace relaxed not.

"Old man," said the proconsul, "take away this child."

But the hoary-headed philosopher moved not. He stood as the statues that in their marble majesty looked down upon him.

At a glance from the proconsul, a soldier laid his hand upon Alethea. Even his iron nature recoiled at her piercing scream.

"No, no. I shall die with my sister. I worship the Christian's God. I love Jesus Christ. I hate the idols of Athens. Let me stand up in the fire, by my dear sister's side. I will not shrink, nor cry out. My heart grows to hers. It cannot be torn away. I have a right to die with her. Do I not tell you that I am a Christian?"

"Away with her, then," said the proconsul, "let her test her young courage by a taste of the flame, if so it pleaseth her."

There was a tumult among the throng. A shout of, "Tidings from the emperor." A horseman was seen approaching with breathless speed. He

leaped from his gasping steed, which the same moment fell dead at his feet. He caught in his arms the sentenced maiden, and the pale child who adhered to her, with the clasp of the drowning, when he sinks to rise no more. Hurling towards the proconsul the edict which he drew from his bosom, he exclaimed :

“Hence persecutor! with thy minions. Thou shalt answer this before the emperor. See that these Christians, in whose tortures thou wert so ready to exult, are sent peacefully to their own homes. And let this multitude disperse.”

The proconsul read the writing, and quailed before the wrath of the young Roman. He dared not meet the lightning of his eye, for there is in every tyrant the rudiments of a coward. And the fickle thousands, who, but a moment before, condemned the Christians to the stake, departed with curses on their lips for the baffled proconsul.

The next gathering of a throng in that amphitheatre, was for a different purpose, the triumphal entry of Marcus Aurelius into Athens. The car of the emperor was attended by his conquering legions, whose invincible might Greece but too

well remembered, and could too feelingly attest. Captives, torn from the German wilds with dejected countenances and wild elf-locks, swelled the pageant of the victor. He was welcomed by all that Athens could devise of pomp and of music, of procession and of praise. Flowers were strewn as he passed, and clouds of incense ascended as to a god. Since the entrance of Adrian, to whom the Eleusinian mysteries were revealed, Athens had beheld nothing so imposing. She hoped to receive from Marcus Aurelius, such benefactions as were then heaped upon her, and the splendid edifices which Adrian had erected, especially his library, with its alabaster roof, and its hundred columns of Phrygian marble, glowed with the richest wreaths and echoed to the rarest minstrelsy.

But peculiarly, did philosophy regard this festival as her own. Never before had she seen one of her own votaries robed in imperial purple, and wielding the sceptre of the globe. With all her boasted indifference to earthly pomp and pride, she might have been forgiven the quickened step and flushed brow with which she threw her garland

at his feet. Especially did the disciples of Zeno lift up their head with unwonted dignity. Marcus Aurelius Antoninus was a brother of their order, an adept in their lore. His constant favour had distinguished them; his eloquent pen maintained their tenets. The point of precedence was, therefore, on that memorable day, conceded to the scholars of the Portico. But pressing near them, and with more of heartfelt joy in his demeanour, was a Platonist, the silver-haired Demetrius. Regarding the emperor as a beneficent deity, he poured forth a tide of scarcely audible gratitude.

Yet he, on whom every eye was raised, bent his own with ineffable earnestness on a single group. There knelt at his feet a lordly Roman and a graceful form enveloped in a veil, by whose side was a beautiful child. The vast multitude listened with breathless attention, as the youth broke silence:

“Emperor! sire! behold the maiden for whom I besought thee. Since we last met, a change hath passed over me. I am no longer able to resist the evidence of truth. I have embraced the faith which I then condemned. I am a Christian. And

now, to whatsoever punishment thou shalt inflict, we yield ourselves. Only, if the doom be death, suffer us to drink that cup together, that together we may be with the Lord."

He, who was thus addressed, bending low, as if to conceal some emotion, united the hands of the lovers, and Marcus Aurelius, the heathen emperor and the stoic, sanctioned with a tear of tenderness, the bridal of Christians.

PAUL PREACHING AT ATHENS.

SUGGESTED BY THE CARTOON OF RAFFAELLE.

BY MISS ANN CHARLOTTE LYNCH.

GREECE ! hear that joyful sound,
A stranger's voice upon thy sacred hill,
Whose tones shall bid the slumbering nations
 round,
Wake with convulsive thrill.
Athenians ! gather there, he brings you words
Brighter than all your boasted lore affords.

He brings you vows of One
Above Olympian Jove. One in whose light
Your gods shall fade like stars before the sun.
On your bewilder'd night.

That UNKNOWN God of whom ye darkly dream,
In all his burning radiance shall beam.

Behold, he bids you rise
From your dark worship round that idol shrine,
He points to him who rear'd your starry skies,
And bade your Phœbus shine.
Lift up your souls from where in dust ye bow,
That God of gods commands your homage now.

But, brighter tidings still !
He tells of one whose precious blood was spilt
In lavish streams upon Judea's hill,
A ransom for your guilt,—
Who triumph'd o'er the grave, and broke its chain;
Who conquer'd Death and Hell, and rose again.

Sages of Greece ! come near—
Spirits of daring thought and giant mould.
Ye questioners of time and nature, hear
Mysteries before untold !
Immortal life reveal'd ! light for which ye
Have task'd in vain your proud philosophy.

Searchers for some first cause !
Midst doubt and darkness—lo ! he points to One
Where all your vaunted reason lost must pause,
And faint to think upon.
That was from everlasting, that shall be
To everlasting still, eternally.

Ye followers of him
Who deem'd his soul a spark of Deity !
Your fancies fade,—your master's dreams grow
dim
To this reality.
Stoic ! unbend that brow, drink in that sound !
Skeptic ! dispel those doubts, the Truth is found.

Greece ! though thy sculptured walls
Have with thy triumphs and thy glories rung,
And through thy temples and thy pillar'd halls,
Immortal poets sung,—
No sounds like these have rent your startled air,
They open realms of light and bid you enter there.

POLYCARP.

BY REV. JOHN WILLIAMS.

SUNSET on Syria's plains ! the night
Sinks slow o'er earth's green breast :
'The breeze comes laden soft and light
With perfumes of the east.
Alone,—the last faint rosy ray
Lighting his reverend brow,
From tower and city far away,
The saint is bending now.
He prays for strength, with earnest word,
To own for aye his long loved Lord ;
To dare the sneer,—the smile of scorn,—
The taunt,—the blow,—the piercing thorn ;
Though flesh might yield, though heart might
break,
His Saviour he might ne'er forsake.

Then, said his deep, low orison,
On his lone couch he lays him down,
And angels watch'd his rest the while;
He felt their tears, he saw their smile,
And knew for what they each were given,
The tear for earth, the smile for heaven.

Noon o'er the city's towers! why rush
The multitudes along?
Time silver'd locks, and youth's deep flush,
Are 'mid that hurrying throng.
Who bear they thus with eager haste,
Through street and crowded mart?
'Tis he! his hour has come at last,—
“Now Polycarp take heart!
And do the deed, that must be done,
Before the martyr's crown is won.”

Such were the words that met his ear,
His heart to nerve, his soul to cheer;
Unawed, before the tyrant there,
He raised his eye to heaven in prayer;
The bitterness of death was o'er,
And life had charms for him no more.

"Renounce the Christ!" 'twas silence all,
As rang the words along the hall;
"Renounce the Christ or die!" then came
Unseen by man, a lambent flame;
It touch'd his tongue, it fired his eye,
And brought him strength to do and die.
O! 'twas a holy sight to see,
That old man stand so peacefully,
And welcome with unblenching zeal,
Of martyrdom, the torturing seal.
"Fourscore long years, his yoke I've borne
Through peril, toil, and wo,
Nor hath he wrought me harm or scorn,—
Shall I renounce him?—No!"

Eve o'er Smyrna's domes! no more
The savage shout is heard;
The wave beats softly on the shore,—
Low sings the sunset bird;
And blending with the gentle tone
In trembling cadence rolls,
The evening hymn of christian love,
Music of faithful souls:
Yet sighs would mingle with the strain,
For him they ne'er might see again,

Their Father in the Lord :
And prayers for aid, like him, to bear
The heathen's taunt,—the Christian's tear,
Nor speak the accursed word.
And there were louder tones on high,
Nor tears were there,—but all was joy :
While round the golden throne,
Cherub and angel join'd the song
That roll'd the glittering courts along :
And smiles of joy there shone ;
Such joy as beams from angel's eye
When man o'er death wins victory,
Nor heeds the tyrant's wound.
The emerald rainbow seem'd more fair,
The golden phials,—types of prayer,—
Shed holiest incense round.

Joy, joy, in heaven ! the work is done,
The flame is pass'd, the life is won,
And 'mid the wreaths that ne'er grow dim,
A martyr's crown is kept for him.

AGRICULTURE.

BY C. W. EVEREST.

How blest the farmer's simple life—
How pure the joy it yields !
Far from the world's temptation, strife,
Free, 'mid the scented fields !

When morning's beams, of roseate hue,
O'er the green landscape fall,
His footsteps brush the silvery dew,
At labour's cheerful call.

When sultry noon illumines the sky,
And sunbeams fierce are cast—
Where the cool streamlet wanders by,
He shares his sweet repast.



AGRICULTURE.

BY W. C. C. E. E.

THE FARMER'S FRIEND —

THE FARMER'S FRIEND —

THE FARMER'S FRIEND —

THE FARMER'S FRIEND —

THE FARMER'S FRIEND —

THE FARMER'S FRIEND —

THE FARMER'S FRIEND —

THE FARMER'S FRIEND —

THE FARMER'S FRIEND —

THE FARMER'S FRIEND —

THE FARMER'S FRIEND —

THE FARMER'S FRIEND —

THE FARMER'S FRIEND —

Shedd's



When gentle twilight's shadows fall
 Along the darkening plain—
 He lists his faithful watch-dog's call
 'To warn the listening train.

Down the green lane, young hurrying feet
 Their eager pathway press :
 His loved ones come in joy to greet,
 And claim their sire's caress !

Then, when the evening prayer is said,
 And heaven with praise is blest,
 How sweet reclines his weary head
 On slumber's couch of rest !

Nor deem that cares his dream alarm,
 Nor fears with carking dim :
 Without—his dog will guard from harm,
 And all is peace within !

All ye who run in Folly's race,
 To win a worthless prize—
 Learn from the simple tale we trace,
 Where true Contentment lies !

Ho, Monarch ! flush'd with glory's pride,
Whom venal flatterers sing,
Hie to the freeborn farmer's side,
And learn to be a King !

DESCRIPTION OF NIAGARA.

BY DANIEL WADSWORTH, ESQ.

It was in the summer of 1806 that we crossed the Niagara river (where it issues from Lake Erie) to its western side, so late in the afternoon as to leave us, at sunset, fourteen miles to ride. This, at the close of a fatiguing day's journey, was not very desirable. Still we had reason, eventually, to congratulate ourselves on this very circumstance, as it occasioned our being spectators of a scene which travellers rarely witness.

The warm, southern breeze which had prevailed through the day, was now succeeded by a keen north-western air, without any perceptible wind, which induced us, though in the month of June,

to wrap ourselves in our great-coats. This change in the weather, produced the imposing object which soon after presented itself.

The twilight in this latitude is long and bright; and we had, at the distance of twelve miles, seen the top of a column of vapour rising above the Falls, still illuminated by the sun, whose beams had been for sometime lost to us. Soon after, we heard the sound of the cataract; but the cloud was no longer in sight, owing to the bending of the road and the thick shrubbery with which it was bordered. We continued to travel rapidly on, for more than an hour, with no very striking objects in view; farmhouses, and overhanging trees on the one hand, and the river, full to its brim, flowing silently forward on the other. But, suddenly, on turning an angle, the stream presented itself, expanded to the breadth of two miles, and stretching onward three times that distance, smooth as molten glass, reflecting every star in the deep, blue concave, and terminated by an object so grand, so awful, that our whole party stopped, struck with astonishment, and even terror. The fine sheet of water before us was lost

in a black cloud, extending quite across the river, and rising to a height with which nothing in nature or art can be compared by those who are not familiar with the Alps, or Alpine scenery. The cold stillness of the evening rendered the cloud so compact, that it could not be penetrated by the eye, but seemed a column black as night, reaching from earth to heaven, uniting with the few dark clouds stationed above, which, spreading to the right and left, seemed to form an overhanging crown for this giant of the waters. On each side of this impenetrable curtain, appeared the still glowing horizon, and higher up, the deep blue firmament, glittering as with the starry splendour of a winter night.

This magnificent scene was in full view for an hour as we proceeded on our way. During this time, we were frequently startled by a singular deception, which must have arisen from our being accustomed to look at objects whose dimensions so far transcend the limits of ordinary calculation, and with which nothing within the range of our knowledge could bear comparison. Perhaps it might have arisen from our suddenly realizing the

height of the object before us, that it would for a few moments appear to be rapidly approaching us. We would stop and call to those of our party, who were on horseback, to witness this phenomena; but to their eye, the cloud was stationary. At another moment the same delusion would overpower them, and they would make an equally strong claim to our attention. It was now ten o'clock, and one can scarcely witness a scene, unconnected with danger, more truly sublime than that which was exhibited to our view. The awful majesty of this black and massy column, standing apparently almost within our reach, of such vast diameter, its base upon the waters, and towering to an immeasurable height, with accompaniments so appropriate; the solemn calm of the atmosphere, the sullen roar of the cataract, and the deathlike stillness of the night. We had never heard of this part of the show of Niagara. Consequently, our surprise and admiration were the greater. But I have since been told that it is not uncommon in winter. A gentleman informed me that he had, at that season, travelled three days on the borders of Lake Erie, with this

"pillar of the cloud" constantly in view. He supposed it to have arisen from some great fire,—and after having lost sight of it, it suddenly, as he approached more near, burst again upon his view, at the same place, and with the same effect that it did upon us.

The Niagara river runs from south to north. The village of Chippewa, in upper Canada, at which we lodged, is two miles and a half south of the Falls, where the river still continues on a level with its banks, and flows with scarcely a perceptible increase of rapidity. Our first object in the morning was to look for the dark, stationary cloud which towered from the river the evening before, seeming to connect the earth with the heavens. But the scene was entirely changed. A dazzling, white vapour rose in rapid volumes, forming bright clouds, which, wafted away by a strong north-west wind, taking the colour of those above, and floating away, were soon undistinguished from them. The sun had risen, and until it became quite high, when the vapour was raised, without taking those compact forms, our eyes were constantly attracted by this brilliant exhibi-

tion. But by eight o'clock, a white spray was all that appeared rising above the Falls. Had the fanciful poets of old, who attributed to Etna the production of all the thunderbolts, been acquainted with our quarter of the world, they would doubtless have allowed Niagara, the honour of being the original establishment for the manufacture of all the clouds of heaven.

Leaving our inn as soon as breakfast was over, still pursuing our way on the same fine road, we perceived, in about half a mile, the water suddenly to change from its placid, regular current, and the bed of the river very rapidly to decline. We kept on for two miles, soon finding ourselves sixty or seventy feet above the river, owing to its descent, as the road appeared to rise very little.

We were now on a line with the great object of our journey, and though at some distance, the scene, even here, was truly magnificent. In the beauty of the Falls, and their easiness of access, I was most agreeably disappointed. They are bordered, on the Canada side, by a fine public road and cultivated country, and are seen to advantage even from your carriage. We expected a vast, uniform

torrent, whose overwhelming thunder would confuse the senses, and leave no other impressions than those of astonishment or terror. The grandeur of the cataract is, doubtless, superior to any thing of the kind in the known world. Yet, at first view, its variety and beauty are striking characteristics. After admiring the glorious scene from many spots upon the upper bank, we descended to a level with the rapids by a steep, though not difficult path, and on the margin of the river pursued our course to the Table Rock. This is a lofty precipice, or shelf, a few yards in front of the great Fall, and directly on a level with the spot from whence the river takes its dreadful leap. From the bank above, the situations which present beautiful, detached and varied views, are numerous. But from this point of observation, the whole is comprised at a glance. Here its features might be very geographically and mechanically delineated. But the effect it has on the beholder is not to be described.

Imagine yourself standing on a flat, smooth rock, ten feet in diameter and two in thickness, projecting from the edge of a precipice, which

overhangs its base twenty or thirty feet, and a hundred and fifty-five feet from the bottom of the chasm into which the river falls. You look on your right hand up the rapids, which, from the point where they begin, two miles above, descend fifty-seven feet, and are considered one of the finest objects of the wonderful scene. The river comes roaring forward with all the agitation of a tempestuous ocean, recoiling in waves and whirlpools, as if determined to resist the impulse which is forcing it downward to the gulf. When within a few yards, and apparently at the moment of sweeping far away, it plunges headlong into what seems a bottomless pit, for the vapour is so thick at the foot of the precipice, that the torrent is completely lost to the view.

The commencement of the rapids is so distant, and so high above your head, as entirely to exclude all view of the still water, or the country beyond. Thus, as you look up the river, which is two miles wide above the Falls, you gaze upon a boundless and angry sea, whose troubled surface forms a rough and evermoving outline upon the distant horizon. This part of the stream is called

the great horseshoe fall, though, in shape, it bears more resemblance to an Indian bow, the centre curve of which, retreating up the river, is hid by the column of vapour which rises in that spot, except when a strong gust of wind, occasionally pressing it down, displays for a moment the whole immense *wall of water*. This branch of the river falls much less broken than the eastern one, and being, like all the large lakes, exactly of the colour of ocean water, appears in every direction of the most brilliant green, or whiter than snow. This fall is one hundred and fifty-one feet high, and from twelve to fifteen hundred feet long from the table rock to the island, whose perpendicular wall forms the opposite barrier to this division of the river. The face of the island makes an angle with the Falls, and approaches more nearly to a parallel with the western bank, extending perhaps a thousand feet; when the second division of the river appears bending still more towards you, so as to bring the last range of falls nearly parallel with the course of the river, and almost facing you. These falls are more beautiful, though not so terrific as the great one. The first beyond

the island, is a stream of seventy or eighty feet wide; the second, from which this is separated by a ragged pile of rocks, is five or six hundred, and both of the same height as the great fall. Still they appear much higher, as they do not, like that, pour over in a vast arch, but are precipitated so perpendicularly as to appear an entire sheet of foam from the top to the bottom. Seen from the Table rock, the tumbling green waves of the rapids, which persuade you that an ocean is approaching, the brilliant colour of the water, the frightful gulf and headlong torrent at your feet, the white column rising from its centre, and often reaching to the clouds, the black wall of rock frowning from the opposite island, and the long curtain of foam descending from the other shore, interrupted only by one dark shaft, form altogether one of the most beautiful, as well as awful scenes in nature. The effect of all these objects is much heightened by being seen from a dizzy and fearful pinnacle, upon which you seem suspended over a fathomless abyss of vapour, whence ascends the deafening uproar of the greatest cataract in the world, and by reflecting that this powerful torrent

has been rushing down, and this grand scene of stormy magnificence been in the same dreadful tumult for ages, and will continue so for ages to come.

Three quarters of a mile north of the Table rock, we descended with a guide, by means of a perpendicular ladder of forty-five feet, upon which we stepped from the edge of the precipice, and thence down the broken rocks at its foot to the margin of the river. This was not accomplished without much fatigue, and some danger, owing to the fallen masses among which we were obliged to explore our way, and to those impending from above. We traced the stream quite up to the cataract, and passed into the cavern formed by the overhanging wall upon which the Table rock now appeared suspended, one hundred and fifty-five feet above our heads, and so diminished as to seem hardly sufficiently large to afford footing for a bird. From this place we could see far under the sheet of water. The scene, if one could contemplate it with the least degree of ease, would certainly be sublime beyond all power to conceive or describe. But the inconveniences you suffer from the dread-

ful whirlwind, caused by this contention of winds and waters, the extreme difficulty of breathing, the pains you are obliged to take to avoid being blown off your unsure and slippery footing, and to shield your eyes from the driving shower, which, from its violence in every direction, assails and almost blinds you, take from you the power of noticing any part of the grandeur with which you are surrounded, except that which arises from the distracting noise and tumult in which you are involved. The sense of suffocation was so insupportable, owing to the exhausted state of the air in the cavern, produced by the rushing of the water by it, that we were frequently obliged to retreat, though still more exposed without, to the deluging rain, which fell incessantly from the spray. But curiosity would soon induce us to return, believing that we had now collected sufficient courage to bear the operation of this great natural air pump; we were, however, quickly undeceived and forced back. It would require brazen lungs, indeed, to support such a situation many minutes. Our guide informed us that it was always painful to go under the Table rock, and even a few steps

under the sheet of water as we then were, but that it was not always equally so. A violent north-west wind blowing this day directly against the fall, and into the cavern, rendered the situation much more disagreeable than common. Though the passage under the sheet of water to the extreme rock, beyond which no one passes, is always painful, and at first almost suffocating, yet since this description was written it has become more common, and is even achieved by ladies. Somewhat more than thirty years have elapsed since this tour to Niagara was made, and described as above in a letter to a friend. Since that period, great and important changes have taken place in the surrounding country. There was then no tolerable approach to the Falls on the American side. Lewiston was not built until many years after. It was necessary to cross the river and take the fine Canadian road, from three miles below Buffalo creek, through Queenstown to Newark, opposite Fort Niagara, which stands in the territory of the United States. The thriving and opulent city of Buffalo, was then a miserable village of three or four houses, where no traveller

would think of tarrying for a night, if it were possible to avoid it. It did not even bear the name of Buffalo. We, indeed, were compelled to lodge there on the ground floor of the only poor inn which it contained, surrounded by noisy and howling, though harmless Indians. The growth of our young and vigorous country almost defies calculation. Yet it heightens the sensation of awe with which we contemplate that tremendous cataract, to think that amid all the mutations of man, the passing away of his many generations, it still remains changeless, unfathomed, resistless, as at the moment of its creation. To apostrophize it in the sublime words of our poet, Brainard,

"It would seem

As if God pour'd thee from his hollow hand,
And hung his bow upon thine awful front,
And spake in that loud voice which seem'd to him
Who dwelt in Patmos for his Saviour's sake.
The 'sound of many waters,' and had bade
The flood to chronicle the ages back,
And notch his centuries in the eternal rock."

THE HERALD.

BY MRS. S. J. HALE.

LIGHT, light to the world ! and a herald went forth,
Commission'd by heaven to compass the earth ;
He sped o'er the mountains, he traversed the
seas,

Unchanged as the rock, and untired as the breeze ;
The sand-wither'd deserts in safety he pass'd,
Nor trembled at robber, nor shrunk from the blast ;
But where'er was man's dwelling, 'mid sunshine
or snows,

On his mission of mercy, unfaltering he goes.

The slave hears his tidings, and smiles in his
chain,

The lost son he sends to his Father again ;—

No cell is too narrow for him to find room,
He seeks the pale felon ere borne to his doom,
Like the angel of hope, by his side will he stay,
And soothe his deep anguish, and teach him to pray;
—The worn and the weary on him may repose,
And he brings to the mourner a balm for his woes.

All ages, all stations to him are the same,
He flatters no party, he bows to no name,
But *truth* to the highest or humblest he brings;
In the tent of the warrior, the palace of kings,
This herald will enter, unawed and alone;
And sin in the hovel, or sin on the throne,
Will feel the rebuke of his heart-searching eye,
Consuming its pleasures like fire from the sky.

On, on, in his course, like a heaven-kindled star !
And his light is diffused o'er the islands afar,
Their idols are smitten, their altars o'erthrown,
And to the blind heathen this herald is known;
The temple of Budha now yields to his power,
Time-hallow'd Pagodas, like reeds of an hour,
Are rock'd to their fall by the breath of his prayer,
As the name of Jehovah he publishes there,

No barrier can stay him, no might can withstand,
The world at his feet, and the heavens in his
hand;

All climates he'll visit, all languages speak,
All spirits enlighten, all manacles break;
His sceptre of wisdom the nations shall sway,
As ocean's vast waters the moonbeams obey,
And by him attracted, man's nature shall rise,
Till the anthem of earth joins the song of the
skies.

Do ye ask of his name to enkindle your prayer?
Go, go to your BIBLE and ponder it there:
The Bible! the Bible! what herald so pure,
With precepts so holy, what promise so sure!
Jehovah's own servant, commission'd to win,
By the love of the Saviour, transgressors from sin;
Thou wonder—thou treasure—O, who, that has
heard
Thy voice, can forget thee,—thou life-giving
Word!

Boston.

THE DESERT AND GARDEN.

BY THE REV. HOLLIS REED

Formerly Missionary in India.

IMAGINE yourself in the interior of India, on one of those boundless plains which characterize the country, called the Deckan. Here the eye stretches in vain for a limit, unless some rising hillock breaks the prospect. Neither fence, nor hedge, nor forest, interrupt the monotony of the scene. Not a tree relieves the eye, except it be near a well, or reservoir of water.

It was in the early part of June. Eight months had already elapsed, since the fall of a single shower of rain. Not a shrub, not a blade of grass, not a relic of former vegetation was to be seen,

except where the soil had been artificially irrigated. Here and there a shade tree, or a fruit tree, whose roots penetrate far beneath the surface, can survive the dearth of the hot season. Dreariness and desolation cover the land on every side.

At an early hour we left our resting place, a kind of caravansary. The atmosphere was slightly refreshing, though not cool. But no sooner had the sun appeared above the horizon, than we began to wither beneath the intensity of his rays. It was scarcely nine, when the hot wind, a kind of sirocco, commenced, which, added to the scorching of the heated earth, rendered travelling almost intolerable. We sought a place for shelter.

Casting our eyes to the left, we explored an immense waste plain, which apparently extended to the shore of an interminable ocean. Knowing well that we were in the interior of a great country, and far from sea, lake or river, we recognised, for the first time in this appearance, the *mirage*, or extraordinary optical illusion, formed by the refraction of a vertical sun, from the heated earth. So perfect is the deception, that deer, and, other

animals, have died from exhaustion while pursuing the retiring phantom.

But from the opposite side, we saw a reality nearer at hand, and scarcely less wonderful. A verdant spot, fresh and blooming. Fragrance in the midst of desolation. A fertile island in the bosom of an ocean of sand. Spring amid the deadness of autumn. Wearied by travel, and almost suffocated with dust and heat, we drew near as to the "shadow of a great rock in a weary land."

How cheering amidst such desolation, how refreshing to the pilgrim beneath the rays of a tropical sun, to behold a green field, a cool, fair garden, whose trees bend with fruit, whose flowers diffuse perfume, whose atmosphere breathes the sublimity of a temperate clime. Hasting to this enchanted spot, we pitched our tent beneath the thick foliage and wide-spreading branches of a tamarind tree.

How changed the scene! It was a garden of several acres in extent. Every plant and flower, every shrub and tree, was clad in the richest verdure. Here was a compartment filled with health-

ful vegetables. Near it was ripening grain, corn in "the blade, or in the ear;" then a tuft of trees, loaded with blossoms, or enriched with perfected fruit. The tamarind, the mango, and the orange, the lemon and pomegrante, the citron and banana, were here in their glory. Here, also were the rose, the lily, the jessamine, and countless other flowers peculiar to the tropics and the luxuriant vineyard, maturing its rich clusters. And among the embowering verdure, the warbling songsters found a pleasant retreat from the tyrant rage of an Indian sun.

What a contrast with the surrounding country! What a fulfilment of the sublime promise of the Hebrew prophet; "The wilderness and the solitary place shall be glad, and the desert rejoice and blossom as the rose. It shall blossom abundantly, and rejoice with joy and singing; the glory of Lebanon shall be given unto it, the excellency of Carmel and Sharon."

But what caused this sudden springing forth of beauty? A fountain was there, deep and broad, sending forth copious streams to fructify the surrounding region. Fertility in the east depends

much on an artificial supply of water. If this can be freely commanded, vegetation is rapid and abundant. The intense heat, and plentiful moisture, make even barrenness prolific. Seed time and harvest meet. A succession of crops, thrice, or even four times in a year, are realized. Spring, summer, and autumn, blend in one continued harvest hymn of praise.

The garden or field is usually divided into compartments of fifteen or twenty square feet. In the centre is a fountain or well, and near it a small reservoir. From thence, the main watercourse extends in some convenient direction, and smaller channels are led from it, in branches, to every separate compartment. The water is raised by oxen, attached to a long rope, which passes over a windlass, and is made fast to an enormous leathern bucket. When a great quantity is thus thrown into the reservoir, it spontaneously flows into the principal channel, from whence the gardener conducts it at his pleasure. "The rivers of waters are in his hand; he turneth them whithersoever he will."

When the stream begins to flow from the re-

servoir, he stations himself at the channel which conveys it to the first compartment, and removing with his foot a slight mound of earth, directs thither as much water as is requisite for its irrigation. Closing that avenue, he proceeds to the second, thence to the third, and thus onward till all have been visited. This is repeated every morning and evening, and it matters little how large the field is, if the fountain contain a sufficient supply. But if the space to be irrigated is out of proportion, or the fountain diminished by draught, vegetation withers, or becomes extinct. The further you recede from the centre, the more blighted does every thing appear. The water is too low, the impetus too feeble, to reach the remoter bounds. This constant and laborious process of cultivation, explains the inspired description of a tropical region; where "thou sowedst thy seed, and wateredst it *with thy foot*, as a garden of herbs."

We know that Lebanon was renowned for its sublime scenery; that its lofty cedars, its plantations of olive, its vineyards, producing the choicest wines, its crystal streams, its fertile vales, and

odoriferous shrubberies, combined to form what, in the poetic style of prophecy, is called "its glory." Mount Carmel is proverbial, in the sacred volume, for its unfading verdure and surpassing fertility. Sharon, an extensive plain, to the south of Carmel, celebrated for its vines, flowers, and green pastures, and adorned in early spring with the white and red rose, the narcissus, the white and the orange lily, the carnation, and a countless variety of other flowers, with its groves of olive and sycamore, is but another name "for excellency" and beauty.

But what did the prophet intend to illustrate by these forcible and significant emblems? Doubtless a vision burst upon his mind, no less magnificent than the boundless dispersion of the waters of life, the reclaiming of a desert world, the clothing it with the golden fruits of immortality. Behold, in the heart of the wilderness, a fountain breaks forth. Sterility blossoms, desolation lifts up its head with "joy and singing."

Is not our earth as a great moral desert, whence the "glory and excellency" of Eden have departed? The fruits of righteousness shrank from

its forbidden soil. Sin, by its fearful monopoly, sought to cover its whole face with tares. How shall this barren waste be redeemed from its desolation?

The wise landholder of the east, when he would reclaim a barren jungle to fertility, provides a fountain of water, lets out his ground to husbandmen, and makes them accountable for its improvement. Thus hath the Almighty provided in our moral desert, a fountain of the waters of life, fathomless, boundless, inexhaustible. "O, the *depth* of the riches, both of the wisdom and knowledge of God."

The mandate has gone forth, from his throne, that its waters be conveyed to the utmost regions of the thirsty earth. Is the fountain full? Are the gardeners, his ministering servants, ready to conduct its healing streams to the world's remotest bounds? Is the propelling power, the power of fervent, united, effectual prayer, forcing these living waters through all the fields of death?

Why then does not the wilderness put on her beautiful garments, and break forth in songs of gladness? Why is not the voice of heathen la-

mentation changed to the cheerfulness of health, and to the hope of glory ?

Alas ! the reservoir has not been kept full. The irrigation has been partial. Even the adjacent portions have not received their full supply : but to the remoter provinces, only here and there has a feeble streamlet been directed. The propelling force has been inadequate. The waters have sometimes been wasted on their course. They have often failed of their destined end. The gardeners are too few to conduct what the reservoir imparts.

Only here and there a spot regales us with the delights of spring, or the harvests of autumn. Only a few bring forth the "fruits of the spirit." A vast proportion of the desert is still unreclaimed. Especially are its most remote bounds, left unvisited by the lifegiving streams. Neither fertilized, nor irrigated, they vegetate not, they blossom not : and yet the fountain is ever full, and the voice of God invites the utmost ends of the earth to drink of its living waters, and thirst no more.

THE GOSPEL TRIAD.

BY THE REV. GEORGE BURGESS.

"And now abideth faith, hope, charity :—these three."

Is it some sport of Fancy's silver light,
That darts along the shades of scatter'd night ?
Or gleams from spot to spot on mortal ground,
The mystic web through time and nature wound ?

Three holy graces came from heaven to man,
Three great apostles led their peaceful van,
Three lengthen'd ages blending each with each,
From truth's first blaze, to earth's last glory reach :
And each apostle wears one holy grace,
And each long age is one apostle's trace.

The age of faith, it lean'd on Peter's name,
And stood a rock 'mid seas of mounting flame :

Its youthful strength the assailant's fury broke,
And error crouch'd beneath its scourging stroke.
It held the cross with zeal's impetuous hand,
And touch'd, and bless'd, and sway'd each savage
land ;

Chose for itself the lonely cell and cave,
But rear'd for heaven the minster's glorious nave :
It left for doubt, nor good nor ill to tell,
As one it stood, so one awhile it fell,
Fell, for it lost the law that binds the free,
Grace for the heart, not fetters for the knee,
And fixing fast on slavery's iron chain,
Bow'd the fair frame and rent the ruddy vein.

The age of hope, it heard the conqueror's call,
And girt the shield and grasp'd the sword of Saul :
It strove for truth, and truth in strife it won,
Strong in the word, the immortal cause went on ;
Foil'd and still foil'd, the hostile armies swell,
Long is the work, yet toil the champions well ;
Ranged for the last, the fierce opposer stands,
And doubt and discord tear the faithful bands,
A hundred winds their hundred banners blow,
Yet beams on each, defiance to the foe ;

From victory rings their clarion's mingling tone,
We hear their peal, but hear in hope alone.

The age of love,—O ! who its light shall see ?
Beloved apostle ! tells it not of thee ?

The strife is o'er, the day of triumph nigh ;
In palmy groves the shields are hung on high ;
For every band its destined place is there,
And every brow its worthy wreath must wear ;
A blooming garden rises o'er the waste,
Amid its walks they rove, and till, and taste,
The playful lyre in tuneful numbers sweep,
Or speak, or sing, of wisdom high and deep,
Then sit them down and watch the fading ray ;
Their eve is morn, their morn an endless day.

A RAINY DAY.

BY THOMAS P. TYLER.

NATURE, it is said, is beautiful in every dress. But really the garb she assumes to day, is one of the least becoming. It would seem as if she had been caught in dishabille; in her washing-day apparel; and was, withal, a little out of humour at being discovered in such a trim.

Despite of cold material laws, I am bent upon believing that there never was, and never would have been, such weather as this in Paradise. To think of Eve's being interrupted in her botanizing by an equinoctial storm! Clouds and rain were surely consequent upon man's disobedience. Still they are necessary to seedtime and harvest. True.

So trials and afflictions are essential to the growth of virtue, but would they have been so, had man continued upright?

There is a closer analogy than we at once perceive, between the natural and moral system of the world. On pleasant, summer evenings, as I have looked abroad upon this soft and beautiful prospect, rendered doubly so by the light of a splendid sunset, I have often thought that such was the earth, air, and sky which its Maker designed for this world, before sin had marred a perfect plan. It is not difficult to form an ideal conception of human nature, endowed with all its passions and propensities, and yet so calm and well governed as to be fitted to inhabit so beautiful a world. Sufficient, indeed, of original perfection may still be traced to show that earth, and its denizens, are the ruins of a faultless design. Had there been no transgression, external nature would have exhibited none but its softer and gentler phases, and man would have gone happily onward in virtue from strength to strength. But now the air is purified by the tempest, vegetation nourished by

the storm, while toil and sorrow are the appointed means for the moral improvement of the soul.

Among all this, a merciful hand may be seen tempering and over-ruling all; combining the very instruments of discipline into forms of beauty and sources of consolation. Were our views more extended, this would still more plainly appear. Suppose one were lifted high above the earth, so that its vast extent of mountain, field, and flood, might be stretched out beneath him like a mass. In one place he could see a canopy of mist, concealing hill, plain, and forest: in another, the landscape would lie open to the sunshine: here a thundercloud would be bursting, and there just rolling away its heavy folds. Very different would these masses of clouds appear to him, and to those over whom they hung. Illumined by the sun, they would present sheets of dazzling whiteness, or else display the variegated tints of the summer twilight; and thus might constitute the most beautiful part of his prospect. So when from the heavenly world we take a broad view of God's providence, that which we now account

misfortune and adversity, may appear the spots in our life's history most radiant with divine love.

Clouds and afflictions, both the offspring of the fall, are made the vehicles of some of the most striking exhibitions; the one of natural, and the other of moral beauty. The "bow of promise" shows the brightest when it spans the darkest cloud, and the graces of the Christian character are clearest seen in the gloom of adversity. At the close of day, the clouds which hang about the horizon add beauty to the sunset, and betoken a cloudless morrow. So the afflictions which are appointed to the Christian, having had their perfect work, brighten the parting tear with the promise of a glorious resurrection morning.

LADY ARBELLA JOHNSON.

"MOTHER! mother!" said a sweet voice, "shall I do for a May-queen of the olden time? A deal of trouble has my tire-woman had in fitting up this antique costume."

Surely, the Countess of Lincoln might have been forgiven, if on her serious brow there was some kindling of maternal pride, as she gazed on the exquisite beauty of the joyous being before her.

"Go to your grandmother, my child, she can better instruct you in the mysteries of the toilette, that prevailed in her own day."

So, with buoyant step, the fair, young creature, glided through the lofty halls of the baronial castle, and stood before the stately Countess Dowager. Time had silvered her hair, but not bowed her

person, or tamed her piercing and somewhat haughty glance.

"Hey-day! My lady Arbella! A queen of the May, indeed!—Come nearer, and let me arrange your shoulder-knots a little. There should have been more starch in your standing-collar. Turn round. Turn round. Well, on the whole, it is as well as could be expected. A merlin on your hand, too! Where did you get that fine bird?"

"I supposed that a falcon was indispensable to the array of a fine lady of the last century."

"True. But I think I asked you where you obtained it."

"It has been trained for the occasion, and was lent me by a friend of the family."

"Trained for the occasion, and lent by a friend of the family. What possible need can there be of blushing, my lady Arbella, about a gos-hawk and a friend of the family? I wish, however, that you could have seen some of the belles of my day. Why, I might have lent you some rich ornaments, had you condescended to apply to me."

"Dear grandmother, have you forgotten how often I consulted you about the dress, worn by the

queens of May, in the times of Mary and Elizabeth !”

“No, child, no. I gave you the best advice I could. I was never fond of this kind of mummery for noblemen’s daughters. It savours too much of the common people. Would that you had been taught the courtly science of hawking. That was a right royal sport. Majestically, indeed, did Queen Elizabeth ride, and well do I remember when my Lord Montacute entertained her at his castle, for I had also the honour to be invited, how she would take with her falcon several birds before breakfast. One morning, early, a cross-bow being delivered into her hand, with due ceremony, she rode into the park and shot four fine deer in the paddock, and was back before you would think of rising. Truly, after she was seventy-six years of age, she delighted in the chase, and managed her steed and falcon as well as ever. How many of you, dainty, fair-weather dames, will do as much !”

Arbella had been trained to listen with a martyr’s patience, to the repetition of old-world stories; but now, as soon as she perceived that she might

be released, bowing herself down with respectful observance, she bounded away like a young gazelle.

The park, to which she hastened, was like shorn velvet. And the feet of those high-born ladies, tripped there as gayly as those of the peasant girl, who feels the breath of spring in her heart, and shouts, she knows not why. A select party were assembled, and amid songs and flower-strewings, a crown of fresh blossoms was placed on the head of the chosen Queen of May. A sumptuous entertainment, was spread in bowers erected for that purpose, and under the kingly oaks.

Afterwards, the servants in their best attire, danced around the lofty May-pole, and partook of refreshments bounteously distributed. It was the pleasure of the young Earl of Lincoln to retain some of the festivals of the olden time, and to make his domestics happy. He felt that their toils were thus lightened, and their homes rendered more dear.

On his arm leaned his widowed mother. Near them stood a man of middle age and thoughtful

aspect. This was Dudley, the friend and faithful assistant of his father, through whose financial talents, the ancestral estate, formerly impaired, had become unencumbered and rich in revenue.

"Seest thou, my lord," he said in a somewhat quaint tone, "the comely countenance of the damsel who hath just crowned the Lady Arbella? She is the daughter of the pious Lord Say. Heretofore, I have spoken of her unto thee. Right happy would be the young nobleman who should win her to his house and heart."

Colour deepened on the cheek of the earl, and he turned to speak to a young man of a lofty form, and a broad, pure forehead, who formed one of their group. But the words fell on an almost unconscious ear, so fixed was the gazer's eye upon every movement of the Lady Arbella, as with perfect grace, and the lightness of a happy heart, she sported among her companions. As the revels drew near a close, she extended her hand, and the bird flew from it to his; and though the smile that accompanied the deed spoke only the language of girlish and guileless simplicity, yet was it beau-

tiful to him, as the bright pinion of the dove re-entering the ark of refuge.

When another May shed its gifts on the earth, the loveliness of that fair creature had come forth into rarer and more exquisite ripeness. It had taken a different and a higher character. Deeper thought sat upon the brow, and a more serene happiness: the thought gave proof of an earthly love,—the happiness of a heavenly piety. Both these guests had become residents in her bosom. One spoke in the tender glance, in the varying rose-tint of the alabaster cheek; the other, in forgetfulness of self, in high resolve, in tireless charity, in every meek and sweet modification of womanly duty.

Month after month, glided away on swift and blissful pinions. Pure love, clad earth in brightness, and the faith of the gospel made it as the gate of heaven.

Winter resumed its sway. Ample fires diffused warmth through the spacious apartments appropriated to the countess Dowager of Lincoln, and the evening lamp revealed her in close conversation with the young earl.

“My lord, I have no doubt that this reference to me is but an idle ceremony. Young people make up their minds about matrimony, and then consult their elders, merely to give countenance to their choice. Yet I must say, that I deem you no very vigilant guardian of the noble blood of our house. Your own meek bride, the daughter of the Lord Say, I like well. The marriage of Frances with Sir Ferdinando Gorges, I approved. But I never sanctioned that of Susan with Mr. Humphrey; and now it seems you advocate the suit of another commoner, and that to the most beautiful of your sisters.”

“Mr. Johnson, madam, is my friend. His love is reciprocated by Arbella. It was not the question of their union which I wished to submit to you, but one still more trying. You know, my dear madam, that the signs of the times are dark. Religious liberty is invaded, and portents of revolution are abroad. Attention has been turned to our American colonies, as a place of refuge, in case these fears should be realized. It has been deemed expedient that they receive accessions of wealth, influence, and education. Such are ready

to proceed thither. Among them, Mr. Johnson has received a high appointment in the government of New England. He has accepted, and of course,—

“*Of course*,—what? my Lord of Lincoln. *Of course*, Arbella is to have a hut on that bleak shore, and should she chance to scape the perils of the sea, may either die of starvation, or be scalped and eaten by savages. Has her mode of life fitted her for such hardships?”

“It has not. But in her soul is a heroic courage, a holy desire to do good. My honoured father, your beloved son, would have strengthened her in this self-devotion. Methinks I hear his voice from the mansions of celestial joy, Go, daughter, go, and the Lord be with thee.”

A chord was touched, to which the heart of the aged countess ever responded. The image of her son still ruled her spirit with a magician’s power. Her voice grew tremulous, as she inquired,

“Has the mother consented?”

“She freely gives her darling to the great duties which she has chosen, and to God, in whom she has believed. Let her cheerful resignation be our

example. Will you give me permission to bring in Arbella to receive your blessing, ere you retire to repose?"

He left the room, and soon re-entered, leading his sister. She knelt at the feet of her father's mother, and buried her face in the deep, rich folds of her garment. The pride of the aged countess was vanquished by this affectionate and lamb-like deportment. Tears coursed down her withered cheeks, as she laid both her hands upon her head, and whispered, "God bless thee, my poor child, God Almighty bless thee."

Spring began to breathe upon the frosts. But she wrought tardily, as if her heart was elsewhere, or as if she even bore traitorous likeness to the winter she had promised to subdue. The sigh of her fitful winds added sadness to the parting scene in the castle of the Earl of Lincoln. There, a young bride, around whom the spell of loveliness was wrapped as a mantle, bade adieu to the objects of her earliest love. She had taken her last look from every window, on each feature of the landscape,—she had stood under the ancestral oaks and blessed them for the many times they

had taken her lovingly under their canopy, and lingered among her flower-beds, though only the snow-drop and the crocus came forth to bid her farewell.

And now, the last hour had come. Inexpressibly tender, yet calm as a seraph, was her parting from the aged countess, and her brothers, and sisters; though the two youngest ones, in whose sports she had mingled, while she aided in their education, clung sobbing to her garments. A second time, she threw her arms around her eldest brother.

“My noble brother, thou hast been to me as a father. Heaven reward thee.”

Still she paused. The most bitter drop in the cup remained. She evidently shrank to drink it. Yet it was but for a moment, and that moment was a prayer. Then she flung herself upon the neck of her mother. Long and tearful was that embrace. At length the beautiful one raised her head like a lily from the heavy shower. There was a murmured solace, each to the other, as they parted,—

"In that brighter world, sweet soul, in that brighter world!"

Ships were riding at anchor on a thronged shore. There were tender partings, sad separations of "linked spirits," and then the sails were spread, and they glided gracefully along their path of waters. Then burst forth a strain of music, solemn, sonorous, the hymn of the pilgrims. It grew sweeter and more faint on the distance. A freshening gale swept its cadence from the listeners on the strand. But the enthusiasm of the moment died not away, among those voyagers to the far western world. Unblenching spirits were there, staid upon omnipotent strength.

In a recess of the cabin of the principal ship, sat the bride of Johnson. He knelt beside her. Her face, veiled by its wealth of tresses, rested upon his shoulder. As she raised it, there was the calm expression of a holy trust.

"Think not, my love, that my heart misgave me, because it so clung in the last embrace, to her who watched over my cradle. For as my Redeemer liveth, I had rather follow thee over the sea, to a home in the wilderness, than to dwell in

the courts of princes. Where thou diest, will I die, and there will I be buried."

As she spoke, her sweet tones gathered depth, and light streamed through her eyes from the altar of a fervent soul. The voice of him who responded, was choked with emotion.

"The Lord do so to me, and more also, if aught but death part thee and me. Yet the vow of the Moabitess is weak. Death shall not separate us. It will be but the dawn of a brighter day, of an eternal union."

Slowly the patient vessels ploughed the deep. The second moon was approaching its wane. Its rays silvered the broad Atlantic. Many of the emigrants paced the deck, gazing upon the quiet scene.

"See," said Johnson, whose arm supported the fragile form of his wife, "how every rising billow takes its bright portion, and bowing its laden crest, is seen no more."

"Methinks we are long upon these waters," uttered a deep, manly voice. Turning, they saw Winthrop, the appointed governor of Massa-

chusetts, standing in the strong shadow of a mast against which he leaned.

"Were my Margaret thus by my side," said he to Johnson, "I might moralize like you, about the tossing ocean, and still keep my happiness secure."

"I see not here your son, young Henry Winthrop," said the Lady Arbella. "I thought he was to have been of our company."

"He was left behind when we sailed from the Cowes. Doubtless, he is now upon the wide sea, in some of the fourteen vessels that compose our fleet. I regret the mistake that separated him from me."

"An eye, that never slumbers, will look with a fatherly care upon both."

"Ever ready art thou, with sweet and devout consolations, my Lady Arbella. But a parent hath many cares which the newly wedded comprehend not."

"Truly, Henry Winthrop is a sprightly youth, and of an amiable spirit."

"From his very accomplishments, his faults do grow. He is warm-hearted and trustful. Impa-

fluent is he, also, and balanceth not means with ends. He hath been sometime married, and yet is he but a boy. Had he the gravity and discretion of John, my first-born, I should feel no anxiety that he should be a voyager among strangers, or even with evil men."

"Do you not often think of your babes sporting under the shady trees of your fair home, at Groton?"

"I see them in my dreams, and their little voices come to me like the chirping of young birds. And at midnight my prayer goes upward, that He who forgetteth not the raven's nest, will keep them, and their loving, brooding mother."

"See how the Talbot seems to sleep upon the waters," said Dudley, joining their group, "I saw the Ambrose, when the sun went down, looming up, large and high, like a living thing. A sharp look-out do I keep upon our three companions, pioneers, as we are, in this expedition. But none cut the waves with such dignity as the Arbella. Feels she not the honour of the name she bears?"

"I have ever thought," said the Lady Arbella, "that her old name, The Eagle, was fitter for an

admiral ship, because the king of birds doth bear himself so nobly. But look how the Jewel, our light-bearer, runs before us, towards yon dark-lined cloud, like a glow-worm."

"The evening air grows chill, my love," said Johnson. "It would be safest to be sheltered from it," and he wrapped his cloak around her, as she descended, with a nursing tenderness.

"I like not that circle around the waning moon," said Winthrop to the captain.

"It bodes no good, governor. God grant us soon to see the fair New England coast.

The next morning, lowering clouds skirted the horizon. Winds muttered in the distance, and slowly rose, as if for vengeful deeds. The ships tossed wildly. Night closed in with thick darkness, save when lightnings pierced its sable canopy. Every timber creaked and groaned. It would seem that the ships, themselves in pain, mourned the misery of those, whom holding in their bosom, they were too weak to protect.

To the uninitiated, the strange noises of a storm at sea are most appalling. Shut below, they hear the fearful conflict of blast with billow; the

shrieks of the smitten vessel, the hoarse roar of the trumpet, through which the commander gives orders, the cry and confusion of the people, who are at their wit's end. The "thunder of the captains, and the shouting," alarm the poor novices; and the cracking of every spar, is to them as a death signal. Neither are their apprehensions quieted, if venturing to look above, they see the sailors running here and there, with their dim lights, or climbing with spectral aspect among the slippery shrouds.

In the cabins of the Arbella, friends and families were clustering together, and from many an agonized group rose the moan of grief, the wild cry of childhood, or the voice of prayer.

"Husband, said the Lady Arbella, if our bed is now in the deep, our spirits shall go up together, and so be forever with the Lord. Glorious hope! How much sweeter to me than the thought of having thee first taken, and living on, lonely years of bitterness without thee."

"Would to God, my dearest, in this most awful hour, that thy calmness was mine. Would that

no strong desire of life with thee, no memory of unrepented sin, rose up to trouble the soul."

He clasped her closer to his bosom, as though he would fain shield her from the surge which they expected soon to engulf them.

"Why dost thou withdraw from me, love! It is impossible for thee to stand, while the ship so terribly rolls and plunges."

She pointed him to a female, who lay in the deep sickness of fear, and whose wailing infant had fallen from her arms. She desired to receive it in her own, and Johnson laid it there. She pressed its little chill cheek to hers, and lulled it with a low, whispered melody. The poor innocent moaned for a while, then clinging closer to its protector, seemed ready to pass into a peaceful dream.

"Dearest, let me take the child, or restore it to its mother. Its weight oppresses you."

"O no,—so please you, let it rest here. See, the poor mother is almost as helpless as itself. How its little hand clasps mine. It will be pleasanter to die, giving comfort to something, even the humblest creature. How much pleasanter

than worn out with disease, and giving pain to others by our groans and agony. Is it not so, my love?"

But he who was thus addressed, lingering on her pure, heavenly smile, answered not. His heart was absorbed in her, and in her danger. The hope of life was not perfectly renounced, and the being who made it most dear, filled every thought.

All that night, and through the next day, the tempest raged. Then, its violence abated, and the sob of the sea, for many hours, was like that of a spent maniac. The storm-driven vessels sought to draw near each other, to consult how their rent sails, shattered cordage, and broken masts, might be best repaired.

The sun of the third day, rose cloudless from the deep. It was the Sabbath. What soothing repose, what unutterable gratitude did it bring to hearts so long agitated and sorrowing.

The deck of the Arbella was cleared for divine service. Two clergymen, the Rev. Mr. John Wilson and the Rev. Mr. George Phillips, were of their company. One led the devotions of the

people in a long fervent prayer, the other rose to speak from the words of the psalmist.

“He maketh a storm, a calm, so he bringeth them to their desired haven.”

After opening, and applying the beautiful passage to their recent danger and deliverance, he exclaimed :

“What favoured orator hath such magnificent sounding-board as your preacher ? What proud cathedral hath such canopy as yon blue, unsullied, immeasurable skies ?

“Who hath such an audience ? The huge billows, and the domineering waves that lash them, and the monsters of the deep that play around us, the whale, lifting up his huge back, like an island, and the shark with his terrible teeth, who, following, would fain devour us, did not God stay him.

“Again, I say, who hath such an audience ? Exiles from the home of their fathers, crusaders, without the red cross banner, not stirred up by monkish eloquence to fight the infidels, for the tomb of Christ ; but going to tell the roving and red-browed heathen, that Jesus died. I see before me the governor, and deputy governor, of the future

colony, the worshipful assistants who are to share in the cares of government, the pillars of the church, the parents of an unborn nation, the babe born upon the waters, the mother who is to nurse her offspring in a land unknown ; pilgrims, strangers, yet princely heirs of an inheritance that fadeth not away."

With a freedom from constraint, which their situation justified, he spoke tenderly of their native realm, of Charles their monarch, then in the fifth year of his troubled reign, and expatiated on the past, the present, and the future, till the tears of memory and of hope were on many an uplifted brow. His hearers shrank not from the multiplied heads of his discourse, nor were anxious lest its length should weary them, but treasured up the "precious word of doctrine," as seed that was to fructify in their souls, living bread that could sustain them in the wilderness.

Still, long days and wearisome nights were appointed to the voyagers. How often was the desired coast hailed in imagination, only to resolve itself into a cloud again. Once, at the peep of dawn, a cry from the helm of "land ahead!"

brought upon the deck a rush of footsteps. Pale, haggard faces, saw the object of their desire, and brightened with joy.

Soon after, was a clapping of hands, and a cry of childish voices, "the bird! the bird." A pigeon from the shore, folded its weary wing and alighted among the shrouds. Little, bright eyes regarded it with delight, as turning its head from side to side, it revealed the changing shades of its irised neck. The children crumbled their stale bread, which the long voyage had rendered scanty, and strove to lure to nearer companionship, this pretty aerial messenger from the new world.

"O wife, dearest one," said Johnson, "scent you not the sweet land breeze?"

"It comes to me like the breath of my own garden, where I sported with my little sisters. It lifts a weight from my spirit." And she clasped her thin, white hands, in silent devotion.

They came to anchor in a narrow strait between islands, whose green copses and thickets seemed to eyes which had so long gazed but upon sea and sky, like the waving shades of Gerizzim to the Israelites.

"Is not this one of the happiest days of our lives?" said Dudley, as the barge cut the waters which was to bear them to their new home. "Seventy-five days' confinement on ship-board is long enough for a landsman."

"How count you? Governor Dudley," asked the Lady Arbella. "I scarcely dare to question your accuracy, but yet from April 6th to this blessed 12th of June, 1630, I make but sixty-seven days."

"Ah, dear lady, you are thinking of your lover-like walks, with Isaac Johnson, amid the picturesque scenery of the Isle of Wight, where you stopped to refresh yourselves. But remember, that only a few partook that privilege. We, poor matter-of-fact people, who went not on shore since we weighed anchor at the Cowes, on the 29th of March, have we not been seventy-five days and nights on the salt sea? Cupid may make his notes on a leaf, or a rosebud, or a butterfly's wing, but we, deprived husbands, or still sadder bachelors, must needs notch our records deep on the dull log-book of lonely hearts."

Salem, where they landed, was pleasant even in its scarce unfolded rudiments. Endicot and

his people had laboured there, diligently and judiciously. Their welcome to the new comers was warm, and they gladly lent their aid to promote their accommodation. One by one, the other vessels of the fleet arrived. In the course of that year, seventeen were sent from the mother country with rich accessions to the colony.

A fortnight had elapsed since the arrival of the *Arbella*, when a group was seen coming from the water with a slow, sad step. Evidently they were bearing the dead. Suppressed murmurs rose here and there; "The poor governor—such a beautiful young man—only yesterday arrived—drowned in bathing—who can bear the news to his father?" Ere they were aware, Winthrop stood among them. There lay his son, whom but the day before, he had welcomed in the bloom of health. For a moment he was pale as the clay he mourned. The bereavement sank into his soul, and he sought his God. He was long in solitary prayer. From that time he spoke not of his sorrow. He gave himself through the day to those cares for the colony, which from his high station devolved on him. But at night, in his rude recess, the image

of the fair youth, with his dripping locks, cut down in a moment, came over him, and the cry of "O Henry, my son! my son!" showed how the unbending magistrate melted in the grieving father.

Rude were the habitations that sheltered the early colonists. In one of these, with a countenance lighted up by cheerfulness and love, Lady Arbella Johnson received her husband on his return from a short, but toilsome journey. Such comforts as she could procure were around them, and while she presided at their rude table, she listened with delighted interest to the narrative of his expedition.

"Separation from you, but for one day, is painful, dearest Arbella. I am ever wishing for you by my side. Especially did I long after you on July 30th, amid those solemn exercises in which we made covenant with God. It was beneath the lofty canopy of a broad-spreading oak, in Charleston, that our pastor, John Wilson, prayed and preached with a holy fervour. Then he, with the Governors Winthrop, Dudley, and myself, taking solemn vows, laid the foundation of the infant

church. It was a season to repay us for every hardship, every toil; yea, to lift the soul gloriously above the earth. How I regret that the laborious travelling, in this uncleared land, prevents thy participation in scenes thou wouldst so much enjoy."

But there existed a deeper reason, why the affectionate wife should not accompany her husband. It was written on her wasting brow, in the strange and fitful brilliancy of her eye. Still he, who was most of all concerned in this change, was the last to perceive it. Her sweet smile, her animated manner, whenever he was near, deceived him. He, indeed, observed the emaciation of her frame. But this he imputed to the long, tedious voyage, and the effect was in some degree common to them all. Zealously, and with the sleepless ingenuity of love, he strove to shelter her from every privation. It affected him, sometimes, even to tears, to see her sustain the strong contrasts between her present and former modes of life, with a spirit as lucid and playful as the sunbeam.

Still, as the summer verged towards its close, he became alarmed at a debility which she could

no longer conceal; and then his apprehension wrought painfully with regard to the approaching winter.

"I shall rear thee a bower, my love, which no blast can penetrate. The imperishable heart of yon mighty forest trees shall be its walls, and I will line it with the warmest fur of the beaver. Winter shall not dare to look at thee, my bird, in the nest that I shall build thee."

"Be not anxious about me, dearest husband. This rude hut is dearer to me than the proudest castle without thee. I bless God for having brought me to this new world."

He was troubled at the paleness of her brow, and drew her head to rest upon his bosom, as he said,

"I am ever hoping for the day, when thou canst travel with me to the beautiful Tri-Mountain, where I trust to persuade the governor to establish our principal city. As yet, there is no residence upon it, save the lonely cottage of William Blackstone. But the softness of its peninsular verdure, and its swell above the blue waters, is picturesque beyond description."

Raising upward, and fixing her eyes, she murmured, "Behold, I see a more goodly mountain! Are not yonder the 'trees of lign-aloes, which the Lord hath planted?' Or are they the groves by my father's house, under whose shade I reposed, and through whose boughs the trembling moonbeams so lovingly looked down?"

Startled at her hollow tone, the fearful thought, for the first time, swept through his soul, that the young and beautiful wife was going home to the country of perfect youth and beauty.

It was so. That strong pressure of her hand was the death-clasp. There was no farewell, save a moan in which the spirit had no part. It seemed but the passing forth of breath from tubes where it had long made music, or the sigh of a closed instrument retaining sound for a moment, after melody had forsaken it.

And there sate the survivor, with the precious burden in his arms, the marble cheek resting against his own. Expect us not to describe his grief, nor the mourning of the colony over its benefactress and its pride.

The desolated one lifted up his head from the

grave of his idol, to discharge the duties that devolved upon him. The welfare of a young country struggling into existence, and the relief of poverty and sorrow were his cares. He sustained them faithfully, and in the spirit of meekness; but for pleasure, on earth, he sought not.

On the 7th of September, the site which he had selected and maintained with an unwavering preference, received the name of Boston. He was present at that baptism. But it was evident to all who saw him, that he only endured life. He girded himself to every service of liberality and piety, but the inward cry of his soul was, "O, Lord! how long?"

Ere the close of that first month of autumn, he was not. The ground which he had purchased for a home for his "heart's desire," was consecrated by his grave. The father of Boston gave to its chapel burying-ground, the first hallowed dust. There he rests in hope.

And if the name of Cecrops, through the mists and trackless wastes of history, has come down to us burning like a "bright, particular star," with the glory of having founded Athens, let not

his name be forgotten, who, under the sore smiting of a sorrow, which cut the strings of life, planted in this wilderness, our crowning city, the Athens of New England.

H.

TRUST IN HEAVEN.

BY RICHARD BACON, JUN.

GLADNESS within a cottage-home !
Gladness upon the breezy main !
Yon gallant bark, that rides the foam,
Is near her native port again.

There's one for days hath watch'd the gale,
From earliest morn to latest even ;
Her eye first caught yon snowy sail,
A speck upon the far-off heaven.

And now her many fears are o'er ;
Thou wouldst not blame her frantic joy !
Her bosom's treasure comes once more !
Thy father comes, thou cherub-boy !

But speed thee, husband, speed thy bark,
Bethink thee of the setting sun ;
And see, the clouds are gathering dark ;
Now speed thee ere the day is done !

* * * * *

Fierce lightnings flash athwart the sky,
The tempest, in its fearful wrath,
Lifting the billows mountain-high,
Is out upon the seaman's path.

Now heaven be with that plunging bark !
Almighty power alone can keep ;
Hark to the rolling thunder ! hark !
O, mercy, still the raging deep !

"O, God ! O, God ! this awful night !"
And she who spoke was ghastly pale—
"O, hush thee, boy !—Can human might—
At hour like this, can aught avail ?"

"Yes, He, who hears a raven cry,
The raging of the storm can stay ;
Our God ! our God ! to thee on high !
Kneel down, my child, kneel down and pray !"

"O, hear us, Father, from above!

He sure will hear thy sinless prayer—

Have mercy, heaven, on him we love!

O, grant him thine almighty care!"

* * * * *

A fearful crash went up to heaven!

That fated bark was seen no more!

One splinter'd mast to shore was driven,

Which one alone to safety bore.

Eternal Truth, himself hath spoken!

Then, mortal, hold! nor rashly dare

To think His promise *can* be broken!

Our Heavenly Father heareth prayer!

SIMSBURY, CON.

FEELING.

BY MRS. HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

THERE is one way of studying human nature, which surveys mankind only as a set of instruments for the accomplishment of *personal* plans. There is another, which regards them simply as a gallery of pictures, to be admired or laughed at as the caricature, or the "beau ideal" predominates.

A third way regards them as *human* beings, having hearts that can suffer and enjoy; that can be improved, or be ruined; as linked to us by mysterious, reciprocal influences—by the common dangers of a present existence, and the uncertainties of a future one—as presenting wherever we meet them, claims on sympathy and assistance.

The last class are interested in human beings, not so much by *present* attractions, as by their capabilities—as intelligent, immortal beings; by a high belief of what *every mind* may, in an immortal existence, attain; by anxiety for its temptations and dangers; and often, by the perception of errors and faults which threaten its ruin. The two classes of *spectators* and critics which we have first alluded to, embody the mass of society; the class *last* described, are the few scattered stars in the sky of life, looking down on its darkness, to remind us that there is a world of light.

To this class did *He* belong whose rising and setting on the earth, were for “the healing of the nations;” to this class has belonged many a pure and devoted spirit—like Him shining to cheer—like Him fading away into the heavens; to this class many a one *wishes* to belong who has an eye to see the divinity of virtue, without the resolution to attain it; and who, while they sweep with the selfish current of society, still regret, themselves, that society were not different.

I am not sure that this train of thought will

have a very particular application to what may follow ; it was, nevertheless, suggested by it ; its relevancy I leave others to determine.

Look into this school-room. It is a warm, sleepy afternoon in July ; there is scarcely air enough to stir the leaves of the tall buttonwood tree, before the door, or ruffle the leaves of the copy-book in the window ; the sun has been diligently shining into the west windows ever since three o'clock, over the blotted and mangled desks, the decrepit and tottering benches, and the school-master's great arm-chair and high place of authority. You can hear faintly, about the door, the "craw, craw" of some neighbouring chickens, who have come to consider the dinner baskets and pick up the crumbs of the last noon. For a marvel, the busy school is still, because it is, in truth, too warm to do mischief. You will, therefore, have nothing to disturb your meditations on character ; for you cannot hear the beat of all those little hearts, or the bustle of all those busy thoughts.

Now look around you ? Who is the most interesting ? Is it that tall, slender, hazle-eyed boy,

with a glance like a falcon, who, with his elbows on his book, is gazing out on the great button-wood tree, and calculating how he shall make a squirrel trap this evening? Or is it that curly-headed little rogue who is shaking with repressed laughter, because he sees that a chicken has got into the entry? Or is it that arch boy with black eyelashes and deep, mischievous dimple in his cheeks, who is slyly fixing a fish-hook to the skirts of the master's coat, yet looking as abstruse as Archimedes whenever the good man turns his head that way? No—these are intelligent, bright, beautiful, but it is not these.

Perhaps then it is that sleepy little girl with golden curls, and a mouth like a half blown rosebud. See! the small brass thimble has fallen to the floor, her patch-work drops in her lap, her little head is nodding, and her blue eyes close like two sleepy violets, as she sinks on her sister's shoulder—surely it is she? No—it is not. But look in the corner, do you see that boy with such a gloomy desert of a countenance—so vacant, yet so ill-natured? He is doing nothing, and he very seldom does any thing. He is surly and gloomy

in his motions and actions. He never showed any more aptitude for saying or doing pretty things, than his straight white hair does for curling.

He is regularly blamed and punished every day; and the more he is blamed and punished, the worse he grows; none of the boys and girls in school will play with him; or if they do, they will be sorry for it: and every day the master assures him, that "he doesn't know what to do with him—that he makes him more trouble than any boy in school," with other equally judicious reflections that have a striking tendency to promote improvement. That boy is the one to whom I apply the title, "the most interesting one."

He is interesting because he is *not* pleasing—because he has bad habits—because he does wrong, and is likely to do it. He is interesting because he is made what he is now, by the very temperament which often makes the noblest virtue.

It is feeling, acuteness of feeling, which has given that countenance its expression, that character its moroseness.

He has no father; and that long suffering friend

of childhood, his mother, is gone too. Yet he has relations, kind ones, and in the compassionate language of worldly charity, it may be said of him, that "if he would only behave himself, he would have nothing of which to complain." But nature gave him more to govern than most minds, and she gave him only the ordinary capacity of self-government.

His little sister is always bright, always pleasant and cheerful ; and his friends say, "Why should not he be so too ? he is in *exactly the same* circumstances." No, he is *not* : in *one circumstance* they differ. He has a mind to *feel* and remember almost *every thing* ; she to remember or feel, scarcely any thing. If you blame him, he is exasperated, provoked, cannot forget it ; if you blame her, she is not provoked, she can say she has done wrong in a moment, and forget it in a moment. Her mind can no more be wounded, than the little brook where she loves to play. The bright waters close in a moment, and laugh and rattle as merry as before.

Which is the most desirable temperament ? It would be hard to say. The power of *feeling* is

necessary for all that is noblest in man, yet involves the greatest risk. They who can catch at happiness, on the bright surface of things, *secure* it, *such as it is*, with less risk and more certainty; they who dive for it in the waters of deeper feeling; if they succeed, bring up pearls and diamonds, but if they *sink* they are gone forever!

School is just out, and it is Saturday afternoon. Can any one of my readers remember the rapturous prospect of a long, bright Saturday afternoon?

"Where are *you* going?" "Will you come and see me?" "I am going *a fishing!*" and "I am going *a strawberrying!*" may be heard rising from the happy group. But no one *comes near James*; and the little party who are to visit his sister, whisper that "they wish James was only out of the way." He sees every motion, hears every whisper, *knows, suspects, feels* all, and goes home in worse temper than common. The world looks dark—nobody loves him—it is *his own fault*; and that makes the matter worse. When the little party arrive, he is suspicious, and irritable, and of course soon excommunicated. Then, as he stands in disconsolate anger, looking over the

garden fence at the gay group, making dandelion chains, and playing baby-house under the trees, he wonders why *he* cannot be like other children. He wishes he were different, yet he does not know what to do. He looks around, and every thing is blooming and bright. His little bed of flowers is even sweeter than it was in the morning—and a new rose is just coming out on his rose bush. There goes pussy, too! racing through the long alley and in among the flowers, with little Ellen after her: the birds are singing in the trees; the soft winds brush the blossoms of the morning-glory and sweet-pea, till they touch his cheek—and yet, though all nature looks on him so kindly, *he* is wretched; and why? It is because he *feels*.

Let us change the scene.

Why are that audience so attentive, so silent? Who is speaking? It is our old friend, the little boy at school. But his face is fervent with emotion, his voice breathes like music, and everybody listens. Why? *It is because he feels*. Again. It is a splendid sunset, and yonder enthusiast meets it face to face as a friend. He is silent, wrapt, happy. He *feels* that poetry which *God* himself

has created, he is touched by it as God meant that the soul should be touched; and this is because he *can feel*. Again, he is watching by the bed of sickness, and it is blessed to have such a watcher! anticipating every want, relieving, not in a cold matter-of-fact way, but with the gentleness, and almost the knowledge of an angel. And this is because he *can feel*.

And if you follow him into the circle of friendship, why is he so loved, so trusted? Why is it so easy to say what you *would* say, to him? Why is it that every one thinks that *he* can understand, appreciate, be touched by all that touches them? Because he *can feel*.

And when *heaven* uncloses its doors of light, when all its knowledge, its purity, its bliss, rises on the eye and passes into possession of the mind, who then is to be envied, he who *can*, or he who *cannot feel*?

CINCINNATI.

NORWICH,
IN CONNECTICUT.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

SWEETLY wild, sweetly wild,
Were the scenes that charm'd me when a child.
Rocks, gray rocks, with their caverns dark,
Leaping rills, like the diamond spark,
Torrent voices, thundering by,
When the pride of the vernal floods swell'd high,
And quiet roofs, like the hanging nest,
'Mid cliffs, by the feathery foliage drest.

Beyond, in those woods, did the wild-rose grow,
And the lily gleam out where the lakelets flow,
And the trailing arbutus shroud its grace,
Till its fragrance bewray'd its hiding-place,
And the woodbine hold to the dews its cup,
And the vine, with its clustering grapes go up,

Up, to the crest of the tallest trees,
And there, with the humming-birds and bees,
On a seat of turf, embroider'd fair,
With the violet blue, and the columbine rare,
It was sweet to sit, till the sun threw down
At the gate of the west, his golden crown :
Sweetly wild, sweetly wild,
Were the scenes that charm'd me, when a child.

**"I AM THE WAY, AND THE TRUTH,
AND THE LIFE."**

ST. JOHN.

BY REV. TRYON EDWARDS.

It is midnight! yonder is an individual wandering in deep darkness, and groping his way amid pits, or quicksands, or precipices, with no voice to direct his footsteps—with no light to shine upon his path. Trembling has taken hold upon his limbs, and fearful anxiety attends his every movement; for his way is lost, and at each successive step he knows not but that the very next may dash him on unseen rocks, or plunge him to depths from which he shall rise no more. What to that man would be the most delightful of all sights, the most cheering of all sounds? It would be the

sight of that light which should beam upon his path, the sound of that voice which should proclaim to his desponding, trembling spirit, "*This is the way!*"

There, again, is a sincere inquirer after truth. He is living, not under the light of the gospel, but in heathen lands. The deep darkness of ancient superstition surrounds him. A vast amount of idle customs, and antiquated absurdity, and consecrated prejudice weighs down his mind, and shackles every generous aspiration, and crushes, as with leaden weight, every attempt at original investigation. Like some of the ancient philosophers, he is perplexed and confused, by the various specious systems demanding his belief, now almost convinced by this, now by that, now doubting all, and now again wavering between discordant views; and thus going on from darkness to darkness, until in an agony of suspense he is almost ready to lie down in the despair of utter skepticism. With what ineffable joy would that man hail the voice that should echo to him from heaven the declaration, "*Here is the truth,*" especially

if his search had been for divine truth, for truth relating to the soul !

A traveller has gone to a foreign land ; and when far from country, and friends, and home, his course is arrested by a raging and dangerous disease. He is alone, and a stranger, and in the wilderness or the desert. No one is near to sympathize with him in his sufferings, or to minister to his wants, or to soothe his anguish. There is no friendly voice to whisper comfort to his heart, no kind hand to wipe away the gushing tears. There is not beside him even one solitary being to make known to his friends the tidings of his death, or to bear to them the last message of his dying affection. Add to all this, that he now remembers the instructions and prayers of some pious mother, and how in contempt of them all he has broken away from the path of duty ; that he now feels himself a guilty sinner, and is persuaded that he has so long neglected the calls of God that it is too late to hope for salvation ; that he sees before him nothing but endless and remediless despair ! And now death begins to steal upon him. He knows it, he feels it, and the measure of his agony is

full; for beyond the grave he has no hope, no prospect of heaven. O! with what joy, with what rapture, with what ecstasy, even, would the ears of that poor sufferer drink in the sound from the skies, "*I am the LIFE*"—*life to your body, life to your soul!* children of earth, *we* are the individuals who have been described. We are wanderers amid the graves of the world, and the pitfalls of temptation, and the quicksands of guilt, liable, at any moment, to fall to our own ruin; and *the way* is pointed out to our view. We are surrounded by error, and exposed to its various and delusive deceptions; and *the truth* is plainly set before us. We are the victims of spiritual sickness, dying of the wretched disease of sin; and *life* is offered to our acceptance. Yes, wanderer from the path of holiness, and duty, and heaven, *JESUS is the way!* Searcher after realities which are worthy of your trust, perplexed perhaps by the waves of error and doubt, *JESUS is the truth!* Dying mortal, ever walking on the verge of death, *JESUS is the life*, life which is eternal! Realizing our own true character and condition, our deep destitution, our perishing necessities, with what

heartfelt gratitude and joy should we hail the voice
which thrills so sweetly to our ears, proclaiming
in accents of mercy from the very throne of God,
"I AM THE WAY, AND THE TRUTH, AND THE
LIFE."

ROCHESTER, SABBATH EVENING,
July 15, 1838.

THE YOUNG WARRIOR.

BY LIEUT. G. W. PATTEN, U. S. ARMY.

FAST fell a sighing sister's tears upon a brother's
brow,

As stole upon the moaning winds a voice of mur-
mur low—

“What wilt thou, brother, with thy sword, and
with thy trappings gay?

And canst thou leave us, O! beloved, far more
than words can say?

What secret charm doth urge thee forth to meet
the savage foe?

I weep for thee, my brother. Alas, that thou
shouldst go!

I cling around thy stooping neck—may not I *thus*
remain!

Do lips of prayer, and eyes of grief, still plead and
weep in vain?



Edizione 1840

THE YOUNG WARRIOR.

BY FRANK G. W. PATTEN, U. S. ARMY.

First fell a sighing sister's tears upon a brother's
 cheek—

Then came a mother's sighs, and a voice of mar-
 tial

"When wilt thou march forth with thy sword, and
 win thy troppings gay?"

And eldest thou hast been, O! beloved, far more
 than words can say!

Thou'rt secret—thou dost weave a path to meet
 the foe!

Thou'rt secret—thou dost weave a path to meet
 the foe!

Thou'rt secret—thou dost weave a path to meet
 the foe!

Thou'rt secret—thou dost weave a path to meet
 the foe!



Printed by J. W. Smith

W. H. Smith

The young Warrior.

P. 268



Then go, and I will send my heart to guard thee
in the fight,
For woman in her love is strong, as a warrior in
his might."

A father's voice rose solemnly, in cadence grave
but mild,
As tremulous his aged form came tottering toward
his child ;
"I ne'er like thee have doted on the glories of
the field,
Nor did I bid thee calmly choose the weapon thou
dost wield.
'Tis thine the chances of the die, the fortune lost
or won,
And yet I bless thee in my grief, I bless thee, O !
my son ;
Would for thy sake my trembling frame the task
and toil might bear,
That I could suffer for my child, the cherish'd of
my prayer ;
But he who smiles amid the storm will shield thy
brow from harm,
My dearest and my latest born, I yield thee to his
arm."

Then heavily, came heavily, like ocean's wintry
moan,

Amid the pauses of her sobs, a *mother's* broken
tone ;

"I press thee in these aged arms, my fondest and
my last—

And wilt thou leave thy peaceful hearth for the
torrent and the blast ?

I *knew* my boy, the trump and drum were all thy
early dream,

But canst thou hear them in thy sleep amid the
purple stream ?

I knew thy gaze was earnest when a banner float-
ed by ;

But can the gleaming of its stars arrest the glazing
eye ?

My son—my son ! to lose thee thus, a mother
may not bear,

And shall I kiss no more thy brow, nor part thy
shining hair ;

Nor gaze in silence on thy face, nor linger on thy
name ;

O ! war is this thy promised meed ? back ! with
thy wreath of fame !"

He went, ambition's boasted heights, it was his
lot to know

He stood where swords were flashing high, or
banners waving low,

But still the voices of his home were echoing in
his brain ;

As steals the distant bugle-note along the tented
plain,

Beneath the battle's gorgeous guise, he saw such
deeds of crime,

As made his tender spirit sad, and old before its
time,

Amid the ranks of belted men all deem'd the free
and brave,

He heard the mutter'd curse go up, and grovelling
passions rave,

And deepest felt, when loudest peal'd the clarion-
blast of fame,

That conquest was a weary word, and glory but a
name.

"I AM FOR PEACE."

BY WILLIAM B. TAPPAN.

"Man's inhumanity to man,
Makes countless thousands mourn."

ROBERT BURNS.

WHAT'S in the warlike waving plume,
And in the gorgeous standard's fold,
That beckon on to envied doom,
Or glorious victory the bold ?—
What's in the brazen trumpet's bray,
And in the spirit-stirring fife
And thundering drum, that call away
The generous unto deadly strife ?

What magic's in old Cæsar's name,
Or his who died at Babylon,
Or his, the chief of modern fame,
Who thrones, like counters, lost and won;
Yea, what's in all the high renown
That e'er contending legions gain'd,
The greenest wreath, the proudest crown,
That ever poet knew or feign'd ?

Compared with all the fearful guilt
On *murder* stamp'd by righteous law,
The countless tears, the rivers spilt
Of blood, the crimes and woes of War ?
Compared with that impetuous tide
Of sin which flows in meted wrath—
The hatred, scorn, and poisonous pride
That surely follow battle's path ?

O, why should nations lifted up
By christian privilege, prepare
For sister realms the bitter cup
Whose dregs are sorrow and despair ?
At empty Honour's 'larum, wake
Force that for Right, could never fail—

For fancied insult, vengeance take,
And *duel* on a larger scale ?

Just God ! this is not in thy plan,
The monstrous dogma's not from Thee,
That what is wrong from man to man
In governments, may venial be.
Thou ever dost transgression hate
In highest, as in humblest place—
Nor will its penalty abate
From parliament or populace.

I loathe it all ! and when I see
Gay, gladsome warriors trooping by,
With glancing steel, and bravery
Of trump and drum, I can but sigh
That men like children ever seem
Still pleased and flatter'd with a straw ;
And for Fame's splendid painted dream
Will court the crimes and curse of War !

THE
PROGRESS OF THE CHRISTIAN.

BY THE LATE REV. E. D. GRIFFIN.

It has been truly and beautifully said, by the wisest inspired sovereign of Israel, that the "path of the just is as the shining light, which shineth more and more unto the perfect day." You have often watched the slow approach of dawn. You have perceived at first, in the gray east, the dim and distant streak which precedes afar the coming of the day. You have marked its gradual expansion, until ocean swam in light, and the remotest clouds were tinged of a golden hue. You have seen slowly rising above the horizon, that semi-circle of intense brightness, that lumi-

nous "eyelid of the morning," about to be unclosed upon the wide-spread scene. You have felt the majesty of this splendid preparation. But until the glorious orb itself passed that barrier of light, you could not exult in the full magnificence of day.

In like manner the Christian character, dim at its commencement, and contending with the gathering mists of infirmity and sin, is seen to struggle onward to greater and yet greater clearness, until passing the boundary which has restrained its splendour, and emerging into another sphere, it is enabled to shine forth as the "brightness of the firmament, and as the stars forever and ever."

WHAT IS THE BIBLE ?

BY MRS. E. C. STEDMAN.

I ASK'D an aged saint ! whose whiten'd head
 Bow'd like a sheaf of wheat, that's fully ripe,
 And ready for the garner of the Lord :
 "The Bible ? 'twas in youth," he said, "the
 guide
 Which led my footsteps to the path of peace ;
 And now, it is the staff I lean upon !"

I ask'd the man of scientific lore,
 Whose shelves were groaning 'neath the weight
 of books,
 For in their midst, I saw the Holy Word !
 He raised his eye toward its hallow'd place,
 And pointed with a look significant :

Y

"There, in that blessed volume, is a fount
Of wisdom, as exhaustless, as 'tis pure !
And without *that*," said he, "of what avail
Were all the springs of knowledge drain'd beside ?"

Toward the *infidel* philosopher !
I turn'd me then, and put the question there.
On one of nature's specimens, he gazed,
And, with a lip of scorn, scarce answering,
"'Tis but a cunning fable !" turn'd away.
I mark'd him, and the question ask'd again ;
But then he lay upon a bed of death :
"Alas ! the Bible !" and his tone was meek,
Would I could call its promises my own ;
Or 'scape its threatenings thundering in my ear !"

I sought "the house of mourning" next ; and
found

A lonely widow, by her sleeping babe :
Within her hand she held that precious book !
And traces of her tears, were on its leaves.
I did not ask *her* what the Bible was ;
For ere I spoke, with earnest eye upraised,
She said, " *This* is my prop, my life, my all !"

What is the Bible? I again inquired:

'Twas of a dying Christian! "'Tis my staff
Through the dark vale of death! yea, more than
this,

The passport which will gain me entrance soon,
To the celestial city, now in view."

I ask'd the "Holy Word" itself, at last:

And O, the solemn answer that it gave!

"I'm the sure word of prophecy!" it said;

"To which, 'twere well that ye take heed: a light
Which shineth through the darkness of the heart,
Until the day shall dawn, and day-star rise,
That never more will set."

PLAINFIELD, N. J.

A CHILD'S PRAYER.

BY WILLIAM JAMES HAMERSLEY, ESQ.

Now at the silent, evening hour,
Before I sink in gentle sleep,
Father in heaven ! I seek thy power,
My pillow of repose to keep.

Let no rude dream disturb my rest,
No danger seize my helpless frame,
No secret arrow pierce my breast
With wan disease, or fever's flame.

And when to gild the morning sky
Again the sun its beams shall lend,
Up to thy glorious throne on high,
As incense may my thanks ascend.

Thanks for thy goodness and thy grace,
Thanks for thy teachings from above,
Thanks that thou hast a dwelling-place
Prepared for children of thy love.

But if to see another day
Thy wisdom hath denied to me,
Hear me, O Father, when I pray
To wake in heaven and live with Thee.

SIMPLICITY OF CHILDHOOD.

THE talented and educated man who would write for juvenile minds, undertakes a difficult work. The higher his ascent in science and in the knowledge of the world, the farther must he retrace his steps to reach the level of their simplicity. Possibly, he might ascend among the stars, and feel at home; but to search for honey-dew, in the bells of flowers, and among the mosses, needs the beak of the humming-bird, or the pinion of the butterfly. He must recall, perhaps, with painful effort, the far-off days when he "thought as a child, spake as a child, understood as a child." Fortunate will he be, if the "strong meat," on which he has so long fed, have not wholly indisposed him to relish the "milk of babes." If he is able to arrest the unsophisticated thoughts and



SIMPLICITY OF CHILDHOOD.

THE talented and educated man who would venture upon a simple mission, undertakes a difficult work. He is not content with a simple service and a simple reward. He must be rewarded by the simplicity of the work itself. Possibly, he might ascend among the stars, and find a home; but to search for honey-dew, in the bosom of flowers, and among the leaves, needs the simplicity of the humming-bird. The opinion of the world is not his cup, with a beautiful and a simple life. He must be content with a simple life.

But the simplicity of the humming-bird is not the simplicity of the child. The child, which is not educated, has no such simplicity. He has posed himself, and the world is his. He is able to arrest the unsophisticated and the simple.



Painted by H. Inman N.Y.

Engraved by S.H. Zimber

CHILDHOOD.

feelings which charmed him, when life was new, he will still be obliged to translate them into the dialect of childhood. It is like writing in a foreign idiom, where, not to be ungrammatical, is praise, and not utterly to fail, is victory.

It has been somewhere asserted, that whoever would agreeably instruct children, must become the pupil of children. They are not, indeed, qualified to act as guides, among the steep cliffs of knowledge, which they have never traversed. But they are most skilful conductors to the green plats of turf and the wild flowers that circle its base. They best know where the violets and king-cups grow, which they have themselves gathered, and where the clear brook makes mirthful music over its pebbly bed.

Have you ever listened to a little girl, while she told a story to her younger sister or brother? What adaptation of subject, circumstance, and epithet. If she repeats what she has heard, how naturally does she simplify every train of thought: if she enters the region of invention, how wisely does she keep in view, the taste and comprehension of her auditor. How powerful is

that simplicity which so readily unlocks and rules the heart, and which seeming to "have nothing, possesseth all things." Surely, reverence is due to children, since honour was given them by the Saviour, when he pronounced their guileless and trusting docility an example for those who would "enter the kingdom of heaven."

A.

PHILADELPHIA, *August 21st*, 1838.

TO MIRTH.

BY REV. T. H. GALLAUDET.

MIRTH, thou dost cost me much ;
For when thy chaplet round my brow I weave,
Full of gay flowers and blithesome buds of joy,
A momentary fragrance yielding,—soon
My temple feels their thorns keen-piercing ;—soon
Alone the *thorns* remain, the flowers so gay
Quick wither, and the buds that promise made,
Deceitful, of perpetual blossoming,
Mock, as they droop their dying heads, the hand
That was so idle as to gather them.

The thorns alone remain, a painful crown,
Unlike the one of cruel mockery,
Which He once meekly bore—the man of sorrows.
That crown press'd sore upon his head, and marr'd,
Ruthless, his comely face, with its own blood ;
But conscience shrunk not from the pangs it made,

Nor felt them aught; for innocence and peace
Within his holy breast held reign triumphant.
But ah! the crown thou weavest, Mirth, hath thorns
That pierce the soul, and make the conscience bleed,
Thy heedless votary, I've sometimes borne it,
And dizzy grew, as play'd before my eyes
Its shifting hues of thousand colours bright,
Fast fading, like the rainbow's melting form,
To nothingness.

Mirth, thou dost cost me much,
And I would fain part with thee, while I woo,
Occasional, at well-befitting times,
And hours discreet of relaxation due,
Thee, chaster, milder sister, Cheerfulness,
Whose easy smile, and placid brow, and look
Of sober joy, around the social hearth,
Shed bright tranquillity; while now and then,
In somewhat graver mood, though not austere,
A word thou dropp'st, remembrance to revive,
Of brighter, happier scenes beyond the grave,
Lest we too much forget them, and to show
The unthinking that thou canst walk, hand in hand,
With those who bend their faces heavenward,
And strew some flowers, remains of Paradise,
To cheer their pathway upward to the skies.

ORISON.

BY CHARLES WEST THOMSON.

"Granting us in this world knowledge of thy truth, and in the
world to come, life everlasting."

CHURCH LITURGY.

As through this thorny world we tread,
 Begirt with sorrow, hedged with sin,
O may we, by thy Spirit led,
 Have clear and certain light within.
Dark is the road in age, in youth,
 The path we travel drear and bleak—
O grant us knowledge of thy truth,
 To gain that heaven for which we seek.

When Nature's hour of dread draws near,
And "coldness wraps this suffering clay,"
When all of earth that lingers here
Must sink to kindred dust away,
When all is o'er of mortal love,
When all is past of mortal strife,
O grant us in the world above,
The gift of everlasting life.

PHILADELPHIA, *August*, 1838.

THE END.

1

~~MAR 31 1964~~



3 2044 038 430 559

~~MAR 31 1984~~



3 2044 038 430 559



